How I met my Daddy: By Invitation Only

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How I met my Daddy: By Invitation Only

by purplesocrates

Summary

This is the third and final part of this series. Thank you so much for sticking with it.

Will smiles as he knows what this means. He stops, stands and crosses his arms across his chest, his book bag swinging on his shoulder. Hannibal takes the sight in of Will, barefoot, a sheen of sweat from the summer air and rushing to get home, his jeans low on his hips and t shirt a little transparent and hums in approval. “Daddy has a present for you.” Hannibal says.

Raising an eyebrow Will uncrosses his arms and takes a step closer to Hannibal dropping his book bag unceremoniously on the floor. “Does Daddy want to play?” Will whispers in excitement.

Hannibal reaches out with his hand and gently runs his fingers through Will’s curls feeling the slight dampness he breathes in that scent of fresh grass and summer evenings. “Yes, my sweet, Daddy would very much like to play with his whore.” Will closes his eyes and hums at hearing that word again. It has been so long and he has been dreaming of Hannibal calling him those names.

Notes

Thank you for all your support on this fic. A quick disclaimer to say that I do not associate with any other version of this series. As far as I am concerned this and part 1 and part 2 are all a stand alone universe. These are all my words no one else's. The original co-creator of Part 1 removed their name under their own volition, the subsequent parts have all been re-written/written solely by me.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Will has been bonded with Hannibal for a month. It has been an adjustment getting used to being cared for, to belonging to someone. He comes home from college to Hannibal's large house and amazing cooking. They are getting to know each other habits, they talk a lot and spend time with each other.

Will has discovered he loves Hannibal's voice as he reads to him while he lays with his head in Hannibal's lap, an idle finger brushing the soft skin of Will's upper arm. The food as well is a revelation every meal a performance. Hannibal even sends Will off to College with packed lunches. He has never felt better in his life.

Hannibal has discovered that he loves the smell of Will's skin in the morning before he has a shower, waking curled up in Hannibal's arms. The way he tastes and savours every morsel of the food Hannibal gives him makes Hannibal proud. He has discovered Will to be as clever as he suspected, his mind a wonderful puzzle he loves to get lost in.

Hannibal has given Will his own room, however he rarely uses for anything other than study, but he wanted Will to have his own space if he needed it. They have discovered they ache for each other if parted too long as the bond cements between them.

One afternoon Will returns early from college. He had let Hannibal know he had a free afternoon and as it was Friday, Hannibal cleared his schedule so they could be together. He has a surprise for Will. They have not played together since the bonding. Hannibal wanted to make sure Will felt settled before they continued with that part of their relationship. Hannibal has patience but feels his little nymph is now ready.

Will comes home, removing his shoes and padding through the cool house to find Hannibal. Eventually he finds him standing outside Will's room leaning against the door frame looking suspiciously smug.

Will smiles as he knows what this means. He stops, stands and crosses his arms across his chest, his book bag swinging on his shoulder. Hannibal takes the sight in of Will, barefoot, a sheen of sweat from the summer air and rushing to get home, his jeans low on his hips and t shirt a little transparent and hums in approval. "Daddy has a present for you." Hannibal says. Raising an eyebrow Will uncrosses his arms and takes a step closer to Hannibal dropping his book bag unceremoniously on the floor. "Does Daddy want to play?" Will whispers in excitement.

Hannibal reaches out with his hand and gently runs his fingers through Will's curls feeling the slight dampness he breathes in that scent of fresh grass and summer evenings. "Yes, my sweet, Daddy would very much like to play with his whore." Will closes his eyes and hums at hearing that word again. It has been so long and he has been dreaming of Hannibal calling him those names. Hannibal's finger makes it way underneath the simple leather collar Will chooses to wear most days. He slides the pad of his finger between the leather and the skin pulling slightly. "First you must shower and get clean for Daddy. Meet me in your dressing room when you are done" he pulls on the collar again and Will moans.

"Yes Daddy." Will responds as his whole body starts to shiver in anticipation.

Hannibal leans in and gently kisses Will softly on the lips, finger still under the collar "good whore." He says and then releases Will. "Pick up your books." He orders as he walks away leaving Will grinning from ear to ear as he picks up his bag and rushes to his bathroom to shower.

Hannibal sips a glass of chilled white wine while he is waiting for Will in the dressing room which he has now kitted out with an entire new wardrobe. It is something he has been working on for a while making sure that Will has everything he could ever need. Now he wants to try some things, he wants to dress his whore up. He smiles at the thought of it as he looks around the spacious room. He is sat on a large arm chair in the corner. There are rows of tailored suits, shirts, ties, shoes in all styles. The fabrics are fine and expensive all chosen to compliment Will. There are more casual jeans and tops too for when he goes to college, all tailored though. Of course the lingerie section is extensive and he has also added some more feminine pieces in the hope he can persuade Will to try them.

Will appears wearing the dark blue silk robe which Hannibal left out for him, it stops just above his knees. He is still wearing the leather collar. His skin is still slightly wet from the shower and makes small patches of damp on the fabric of the robe which feels so smooth and soft against his skin. His hair drips small rivulets of water down his chest. His eyes immediately meet Hannibal's and he shivers with lust. It takes a moment for him to notice the dressing room is now filled with new clothes his eyes go wide as he sees all the fabrics. "Daddy." Will breathes out.

Hannibal smiles and looks at Will "nothing but the best for you." He stands up and walks towards Will who is still looking around at all the clothes. Hannibal stands very close to Will places a single finger under his chin to re-direct his gaze he then holds the glass of wine up to his lips and pours some between those parted pinks lips. Will swallows the cool liquid with a hum of pleasure. "Daddy wants to dress you up? Will you let him?"

Will smiles and nods unable to find words just yet. He is sometimes so grateful for Hannibal's patience and constant need to take things slow. He is breathless with anticipation

and needs a moment as even that small sip of wine is going straight to his head. Hannibal places the glass down on the island of drawers in the middle of the room. He places one hand under Will's chin again and with the other, he slips between the robe and gently cups Will's cock. Hannibal has discovered a slight fascination with Will's soft cock much to Will's amusement and sometimes torture. Hannibal gently reaches to grasp Will's balls as well and softly rolls them in the palm of his hand. Will moans and closes his eyes trying to keep it together.

The feeling of being naked except for a flimsy robe with Hannibal fully dressed in front of him, hands on him, is impossibly arousing, Will's eyes roll back in his head and he moans. Hannibal hums in approval and then releases Will from his hold.

"Turn and face the mirror." Hannibal whispers into Will's ear biting the lobe briefly. Will takes a deep breath and does as he is told turning to face the huge mirror in the centre of the wall. Hannibal takes one long look at Will's ass draped in silk before picking up his glass and taking a sip and placing it back down again. Walking around to the back of the large drawers in the middle of the room he opens the top one. He takes his time choosing which one he wants to try first, fingers running over the choices until he finds the perfect one.

Will is watching him in the mirror he cannot see what he is collecting from the drawer. All he can see is the look on Hannibal's face. Eventually he makes his way around to Will hiding something in his hand he stands just behind him. Will is reminded of the night they bonded and he smiles as he meets Hannibal's eyes. Hannibal runs one hand down Will's back and then up again to the collar on his neck he undoes the simple leather and reverently places it behind him on top of the drawers. Will can feel every feather-light touch of Hannibal's hands and fingers as they brush against his skin.

"Close your eyes." Hannibal whispers and Will takes a deep breath in and does as he is asked. "Good whore."

Will can feel something being put around his neck, it has weight and a coldness. He can feel Hannibal's fingers deftly touching his skin as he does up a clasp at the back. Hannibal stands back to admire the collar. It has four strands of pale pink pearls which come together at the front to meet a sapphire stone surrounded by diamonds while the clasp at the back has two silver bars and a chain. It sits perfectly on Will's neck.

"Open your eyes." Hannibal speaks softly and Will slowly opens his eyes, fluttering his lashes as he does. His hand goes straight to his neck to feel the smooth pearls and stones. He is left breathless at how beautiful it is.

"Daddy!" Will exclaims, "this is all too much!"

Hannibal laughs “it is one of many and you shall have more, such a pretty whore is worthy of such fine things.”

Will blushes which almost causes Hannibal to moan. “Thank you,” Will whispers as he takes in his reflection, “for all of this.”

“Of course, anything for you.” Hannibal smiles and brushes his hand across the back of Will’s shoulders the silk warm against his skin. “Would you try something for Daddy?” Hannibal asks as he reaches up to one of the hangers with a black dress on it. Will watches Hannibal’s reflection in the mirror and smiles.

“Yes. Dress me Daddy.”

Hannibal hums his approval, still holding the hanger, he opens another drawer and removes a pair of black lace panties. He then makes his way to Will whose eyes have not left him. Hannibal places the dress down on the tabletop and holds the panties in his hand as he reaches and unties the silk belt holding Will’s robe closed. It flutters open. Hannibal takes his time admiring the view of pale skin against the dark blue before going to his knees in front of Will who gasps at the sight of Hannibal kneeling in front of him. Carefully and gently Hannibal grasps Will’s left ankle and lifts it off the ground he places the panties underneath and then gently puts down Will’s ankle. He repeats this with Will’s right foot. Infinitely slowly and with the tenderest of teasing touches, Hannibal pulls the panties up until they are just below Will’s hardening cock. Hannibal stands then and pulls the lace over Will’s cock and balls so they fit snugly on his hips, gently reaching with one hand under the lace to adjust Will’s cock to lie to one side.

Will lets out a whine and lets his head loll back as Hannibal does this. The soft lace feels so decadent against his skin that he knows they must have cost a fortune. Hannibal then very gently pushes the robe Will is wearing off his shoulders. Will feels the soft fabric fall down his back and arms and pool on the floor behind him. Hannibal walks around Will admiring him from every angle before taking the black dress from the hanger and unzipping the side zip. He holds it in front of Will for him to step into. Will brings his hand up to steady himself on Hannibal’s shoulder before gingerly stepping into the dress. Hannibal pulls the dress up as Will puts his arms through the cut off sleeves. Hannibal slowly does the zip up feeling the curve of Will’s body as he does. The dress of course fits Will like a glove. Will looks at himself and the dress in the mirror. It is short stopping just below the curve of his ass. The front has lace panel stopping in a heart just before his nipples, dipping down his chest. Will turns slightly to see the back where the lace panel continues stopping at the small of his back to show off his pert ass.
He has never seen himself in anything like this before and he smiles at how he looks, caught between the two genders as he is, his legs are lithe and long. The dress shows off his curves making him look more feminine. The pearls sit just above the neckline of the dress.

“Do you like it?” Hannibal asks breaking the revelry.

“Yes, yes, I do very much.” Will replies stroking his hands down the soft fabric of the dress, luxurious and form fitting. He feels amazing.

“Show me how much.” Hannibal says and Will moans and runs one of his hands down his chest once more, fingers skirting under the hem slowly raising the dress up his thigh to reveal the lace panties. He bunches the dress up so one half sits on the his hip as he runs his fingers under the waistband of the lace.

“Mmm Daddy, so much.”

“You look like a slut for Daddy.” Hannibal’s voice is deep and laced with danger it makes Will moan again. “Do you like looking like a whore for me? Touching yourself for me, dressed in clothes I bought you.”

“Yes, oh, please Daddy.” Will begs as he continues to slip another finger just under the waistband of the lace panties stroking along the skin.

“Please what? What do you need?”

“Touch me, please, Daddy, touch me.”

Hannibal takes a step closer to Will standing close behind. He runs his hand down Will’s arm following the line to his hand underneath the black panties, slipping his fingers under the lace. Will’s arm drops away as Hannibal’s fingers delve further under the lace until they reach his slick leaking hole. He gently pushes a finger part way inside as Will groans and leans his head back on Hannibal’s shoulder, eyes rolling back in his head.

“No whore, look at yourself.” Hannibal whispers urgently into Will’s ear who manages to lean forward again and look at his reflection in the mirror as Hannibal holds his finger still inside Will. Precum is forming on Will’s cock, a darker patch appearing on the lace. “Ruined these already you are so eager for me.” Will gasps at the use of the word eager which goes straight to his cock and makes it flinch. “Such a wet, needy whore for Daddy.”

“Yes, yes, I need you.” Will does. He needs Hannibal like he needs air. He wants Hannibal to play with him forever, for this to never end. Hannibal runs his other hand down the front of the dress slipping to the side to feel the top of Will’s exposed thigh, his skin so soft and warm.

Hannibal bites at Will's ear as he gently removes his finger from Will who moans at the loss. Hannibal drags his hand up to the waistband of the lace panties again running them along the skin, briefly touching the top of Will's cock. Will is shivering now with arousal. "Daddy would like to hurt you when you are like this, would you let him? So pretty when you are in pain." Hannibal's hand grasps at Will's thigh squeezing hard at the flesh and causing Will to shout out.

"Yes! Hurt me!" Will responds, losing himself to teasing touches and promises Hannibal is making. "It's been too long."

Hannibal smiles "yes, yes it has. Daddy needs to remind you of how much you like to be punished, to remind you of the kind of whore you are."

"Please, please." Will whines as the hold on his leg gets harder he knows it will bruise. He wants it to bruise.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

It takes a few moments for those words to sink in but when they do Will slowly leans his head back to look up and that's when he sees it. Gasping as his eyes see the hook attached to the ceiling of the dressing room, high enough for Will to reach with his hands above his head if he stretches. Hannibal smiles at Will's reaction "do you like it?"

Will lowers his head again to look at Hannibal "Yes." He breathes. "Daddy"

Chapter Notes

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Will has closed his eyes, shaking now, sweat is beginning to form in beads on his skin and his cock strains against the lace panties. "Stay still. Daddy needs to prepare you." Hannibal whispers into Will's ear as he releases him from his grip. Will whimpers but manages to stay still as requested.

Opening another drawer, Hannibal removes a black blindfold and a strip of silk fabric. He moves to the front of Will "open your eyes and place your hands in front of you" he commands and Will complies. Despite his hands shaking Will brings them in front so Hannibal can tie them together. The fabric is soft against Will's skin but the knot is tight and Will knows it will leave a mark.

"Good slut." Hannibal praises and Will moans in delight. "Daddy is going to blindfold you now but first I want you to look up and see what Daddy had installed just for his naughty whore."

It takes a few moments for those words to sink in but when they do Will slowly leans his head back to look up and that's when he sees it. Gasping as his eyes see the hook attached to the ceiling of the dressing room, high enough for Will to reach with his hands above his head if he stretches. Hannibal smiles at Will's reaction "do you like it?"

Will lowers his head again to look at Hannibal "Yes." He breathes. "Daddy"

"Such an obedient whore."

"Yes." Will manages as he begins to tremble. Hannibal takes the opportunity to look at Will standing in front of him with his hands tied together. His dress is hitched up showing his very erect cock encased in lace, shaking and breathing heavily in anticipation, hair still damp and a sheen of sweat beginning to form across his body. The pearl collar sitting perfectly on his neck bobbing up and down as he breathes heavily.

"Raise your arms above your head." Hannibal speaks slowly and carefully wanting to keep his breathing calm. Patience is the key here the reward is so much sweeter if they have to wait for it. Will raises his arms above his head while shaking and trying to keep eye contact with his Alpha. "Good." Hannibal says and takes a step closer to Will he takes Will's tied wrists in his hand and lifts them up so they are over the hook. Will is now on his tiptoes, body pleasantly stretched. Hannibal smiles and walks behind Will so he can carefully place the blindfold over Will's eyes the fabric is soft against Will's skin and Hannibal is careful not to get any of Will's hair caught in the knot he ties at the back of Will's head.

Will can feel Hannibal close behind him, his breath on the back of his neck is warm and alluring. His body is stretched as he stands just on his tiptoes and it's wonderfully uncomfortable. His dress is still hitched up and the fabric moves higher as he hangs from the hook. Will feels like his entire body is buzzing, his skin feels electric as he hangs his head back and moans.

Hannibal takes a step back and walks around his whore to take in the sight of Will hanging there those long lithe legs stretched and beautiful. He retrieves his wine glass once more and takes a sip from it before walking around to the front of Will. Hannibal places his hand on the back of Will's head and brings him forward placing the glass against his lips "open up for Daddy." He says and Will complies swallowing a sip of cool white wine. "Good slut." Hannibal says and smiles. "Look at you shaking and trembling for me. You would let Daddy do anything to you."

Will cannot speak. He is too turned on with the anticipation of what Hannibal will do to him next it is almost overwhelming. Not being able to see is adding to the experience he is trying to feel where Hannibal is and how close he is. Trying to anticipate what he will do next. It's exhilarating. Will can feel the slick forming, his panties becoming sodden. Will moans as he knows that Hannibal will be able to see and smell how turned on he is.

Hannibal sits down on the chair and watches, taking small sips from his glass until it is empty savouring every drop. He can see how turned on Will is and how much he is enjoying the anticipation of being left waiting to see what Hannibal will do next. Standing up almost silently Hannibal places his wine glass down on top of the chest of drawers he opens a small drawer on the other side. Hannibal removes a black box and opens it inspecting the contents he smiles and removes the plug and remote.

Walking over to Will with the gleaming black plug in his hand he smiles as he smells that burgeoning arousal and slick soaking those panties. "Open your mouth." Hannibal says jolting Will out of his revelry. Will wordlessly complies parting those sweet pink lips he opens his mouth as Hannibal places the plug inside. "Suck." With a moan Will complies skirting his tongue around the object he coats it in his saliva. "Good slut." Hannibal praises and removes the now dripping plug from Will's mouth.

Hannibal then walks to the back of Will and with one hand bunches the skirt of the dress up and over Will's ass. Will moans at the contact as Hannibal strokes the lace of the panties with his hand. Pushing the panties down past Will's ass stroking the skin as he does so he places the tip of the plug up against Will's now very slick hole adding a small amount of pressure. Will moans at the contact. "Please Daddy." He whimpers.

Pushing the plug further in Hannibal stands close enough to kiss Will's neck gently biting at the pearls of the collar he pushes it all the way in as Will moans in ecstasy.

"These panties are ruined aren't they? So wet for me. So wet for your Daddy. Shall I take them off for you?" Hannibal says this into Will's neck as his hands stroke down Will's thighs and back up to hook around the lace panties which are almost off.

"Daddy, yes, please, I'm so wet for you,"

Hannibal chuckles and hooks his fingers just under the rolled up waistband of the panties and pulls at the fabric tearing it. Will realises what Hannibal is doing and gasps as the sensation of the lace tearing and falling from his body overtakes him. “Fuuck.” Will whimpers.

Now with the plug inside of him and his dress rolled up he feels exposed and unbelievably aroused. “Daddy will have to buy you more lace that you can ruin with that eager hole of yours. First I am going to play with my whore. You like it when I play with you don’t you?”

“Yes, god yes Daddy.”

Hannibal reaches for the remote and turns the plug on the vibrations hit Will and he shouts out in pleasure.

“Does that feel good?”

“Yes, Daddy, Oh, yeesss.” Will is almost whimpering with pleasure now as the only noises he can hear is that vibration of the plug inside him and his own moans.

“Such a beautiful whore for me.” Hannibal places the remote down on top of the chest of drawers and opens one of cupboards. On the back of the cupboard door there are several hooks which contain an assortments of whips and paddles for his boy. He smiles as he runs his hand through them all eventually choosing a small red paddle which he removes from the hook. “I think you would look even more beautiful if I punished you. You do like to be punished don’t you slut?”

“Yes, I need it, Please Daddy, please.”

Hannibal makes his way behind Will and once there he pushes the dress up further so Will’s ass is fully exposed. He runs the pad of one of his fingers along the curve of it feeling the skin hot and wanting. With no warning Hannibal hits Will with the paddle over his ass. It makes a satisfying sound as it hits the soft mound of flesh leaving the promise of a red mark which Hannibal admires as a last moan leaves Will.

“Does my slut want more?” Hannibal asks in a light of a tone as possible.

“Yes I need more.”

Hannibal smiles and hits Will a few more times until the red starts to blossom properly. Each stroke elicits the most wonderful moan from Will who swings slightly from his hook, arms stretched and head thrown forward. Hannibal reaches for the remote and turns up the vibrations before spanking his boy a few more times. Will is now a writhing moaning mess of need as he is assaulted with pleasure and pain. The blindfold heightens the experience although he also wishes he could see himself. He hopes if he is good his Daddy will let him see.

As if reading his mind Hannibal smiles “does my whore want to see himself before I take you down? See what a wonderful toy you make hung up for me, for me to do as I like?”

“Please Daddy, please.”

“I want to show you to other people like this, I want them to see how much of a whore for me you are. Would you let me?”

“Yes, please Daddy, anything, please.” Will is starting to become delirious at the sensations he is feeling. Hannibal has said before about showing him off and he really loves the idea, he hopes it will happen. He imagines himself stripped bare and begging for Hannibal while others look on at him, admiring him, wishing they were him, his cock flinches and he almost comes.

“Hmmm my sweet” Hannibal strokes the paddle along the swollen red skin, “if I take the blindfold off will you come for Daddy? Make a mess of your dress so I have to buy you a new one? Spend my money on you whore, would you like that?”

Will feels like he might come Just from having Hannibal whisper that into his ear so lasciviously. “Yes Daddy.”

Hannibal spanks Will one more time and then places the paddle and remote back on the chest of drawers. Standing very closely behind Will, Hannibal undoes the blindfold letting it fall to floor. He grasps Will's hair and pulls his head back just enough so he can see himself. Will looks at his disheveled, exposed reflection and moans. Hannibal leans into Will's ear licking the lobe slightly as the hand that isn't in Will's hair grabs the red flesh of Will's ass he whispers in a commanding tone "come for your Daddy, whore."

Will lets out a long moan as he comes hard and fast for Hannibal. White streaks of liquid fall staining the dress and drip down his legs he feels utterly humiliated and aroused. "Such a good slut for Daddy." Hannibal lets go of Will and walks around to face him he makes a point of looking him up and down. "Such a mess you have made of this dress. What shall I do about that?"

Unable to respond Will just whimpers. Hannibal reaches up to the lace at the neck of the dress just below the pearl and diamond collar, fingers go just underneath and he pulls the fabric tearing it easily. Will can feel the dress as it's torn away from his body floating in tatters to the floor until he is left naked with only the collar, the cum dripping down his legs and the plug still vibrating inside him. "Daddy." He whimpers.

Hannibal admires Will's trembling needy body stepping forward he gently kisses him. "Good slut, Daddy is going to fuck you now. Drape you over this chest of drawers and fuck you until you come again untouched. It's going to hurt but you like that."

"Please yes, fuck me Daddy, please."

Hannibal then reaches up and releases Will's strained arms from the hook he undoes the restraint and lets Will's arms fall free at his sides. He picks Will up and places him on the chest of drawers as the wine glass tumbles to the floor unnoticed or cared about by either of them. Hannibal admires his prize draped over the chest of drawers as Will whimpers and moans the plug still vibrating his cock flinching back to life. Hannibal undoes his belt as Will whimpers "I want to see Daddy, all of Daddy, please, I've been good, I want to see Daddy naked while he fucks me."

Hannibal almost loses control at the way Will begs, closing his eyes and biting his lower lip he moans. "Such a needy whore, yes you can see me." Hannibal removes all his clothes until he is standing naked, proud and erect in front of Will whose eyes gleam at the sight of his Alpha resplendent before him. "Yes" Will breathes out.

Grabbing Will's legs he moves him forward to the edge he takes the remote and then Hannibal kneels down and kisses Will's thighs softly. He kisses his way up until he finds Will's hole he kisses and bites around the sensitive flesh. Turning off the plug he slowly removes it, licks it clean with relish before dropping both to the floor and licking one last kiss into Will's open needy slit.

Hannibal stands up and adjusts Will once more who is whining and moaning out Daddy and please as if his life depended on it, delirious with lust and arousal. He wraps Will's legs around his waist and then pushes his cock inside Will who screams with pleasure as Hannibal begins to thrust harshly. Will can feel himself being filled up and the pleasure of each thrust offset with the pain of his red ass scraping against the wood feels unbelievable.

After so long without this it is even more intense. Will is so tight clenching around Hannibal as if he never wants him to leave, those soft lithe long legs wrapped around Hannibal's strong waist feel divine. Hannibal can see the collar restricting Will's heavy breathing, tears forming in his eyes as he moans and whimpers at every hard thrust Hannibal makes.

For moments it is just the obscene noises of Hannibal fucking Will, the moans, slapping of skin and whimpering that fill the small dressing room. Hannibal knows he will not last long. It's been too long since they have done this and his beautiful slut looks too wanton laid out for him like this moaning his name. Hannibal comes with Will's name like a prayer on his lips and he collapses on top of him pushing his knot all the way in as Will grabs Hannibal's shoulders digging his nails in with a scream feeling all that cum fill him up.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Hannibal knows how to torture his boy, how to keep him floating just above arousal. He loves the way Will's body is so responsive to him it's both enchanting and mesmerizing to know that he can undo Will with just a touch. "Such a responsive whore for Daddy." Hannibal says softly as he gently strokes the curve of Will's ass. "Daddy could do this all night keep you over my lap and tease you for hours."

Will moans again at the thought "yes, oh please Daddy."

Chapter Notes

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal carried Will, still joined, to the bed in Will's room which they rarely used. They had stayed conjoined with Will deeply asleep as Hannibal soothed him with whispers and lingering touches. Eventually Hannibal's knot deflated and he had left Will cocooned in some blankets while he showered and then ran Will a bath. When he went back to get Will he was beginning to stir so Hannibal picked him up in his arms as Will nuzzled into Hannibal's chest hair with a sigh.

Once he had placed Will in the bath Hannibal, dressed in pyjama trousers and nothing else, knelt beside the tub and washed Will with reverence. He spent time washing his hair as always massaging his scalp with sweet smelling shampoo fingers threading through the strands, perfect pressure on his scalp. Will's eyes flickered open as a hum of contentment left his lips.

"Feels good thank you Daddy." Hannibal smiles and continues to massage Will's scalp. "Can I ask you something?" Will says eyes fully open now looking up at Hannibal who is deep in concentration massaging Will's scalp.

"Anything." Hannibal replies and dips down to place a kiss on Will's forehead.

Will blushes but steals himself to continue. “You said... when we were playing…”

Hannibal closes his eyes and moans in contentment at the memory “You were beautiful as always.”

“Thank you. You said and you have said it before, before we were bonded.” At the word bonded one of Hannibal’s hands dips down to Will’s neck and traces the mark he left that day. The pearl collar still sits on Will’s neck Hannibal has loosened it but he could not bring himself to take it off.

“What is it my love? You know you can tell Daddy anything. He loves you.”

Will smiles and feels comforted he knows that he can, Hannibal is the one and only person in his life who sees him as he is, who accepts him. His perfect mate, Alpha and Daddy. “You mentioned about other people….about showing me to others.” Will trails off and bites his lip.

Hannibal smiles and rinses the shampoo from Will’s hair with a jug into a large bowl he has just for this purpose. He then opens a bottle of sweet smelling conditioner and adds some to his fingers gently brushing it through Will’s damp hair. “Yes, I did.” He eventually responds.

“How would that work? Would you want to do that? Or is it something you just say.” Will is unsure and his voice is almost a whisper.

Hannibal stills and looks down at his Omega. “Everything I say to you I mean. I would never lie or mislead you. The moments we share when we play are as real to me as every other. Never doubt that.”

“So you would want to?”

Hannibal finishes massaging the conditioner and then rinses Will’s hair once more. He then moves to sit beside Will and gently cups his face stroking his cheek with his thumb. “I want to make you happy.”

“You do.”

“Is it something you would want?”

Will looks away shyly and Hannibal gently moves his head so he looks back at him “yes.” Will whispers, a blush rising in his cheeks as his fingers go up to touch the collar still on his neck.

Hannibal takes in the sight of Will so willing in front of him and smiles back in awe. “Do you trust me?”

Will leans into Hannibal’s hand and presses his lips against the warmth of his wrist, a small kiss filled with love. “With my life.”

“Come downstairs with me, sit by me.” Hannibal kisses Will’s hand who is still naked but dry from the bath, the pearls still sit on his neck. Hannibal wears only his pyjama trousers still as he leads Will down into the small study where he turned the heat on so it’s not too cold, the summer heat is still in full flare but Hannibal doesn’t want his boy to be cold.

Hannibal sits on the couch and Will stands in front of him expectantly. “Lie across me on your stomach. Let Daddy take care of you.” Will smiles and nods gracefully lying across Hannibal’s lap his ass in the centre. Hannibal had taken a small pot of cocoa butter with him in his pocket which he now retrieves unscrewing the lid as the gentle scent reaches Will’s nose he hums his approval the red marks from the paddle are starting to sting.

At first Will feels a gentle stroke from Hannibal’s finger across the marks “so lovely” he hums in approval. “Such a good boy for Daddy.” Then he feels the cool soothing balm of the lotion being very gently applied to each of the marks. Hannibal takes his time ensuring he covers all of Will’s red ass in the lotion, rubbing it all in slowly. His hands are maddeningly close to Will’s hole skirting over the edge his hand occasionally reaches lower and cups Will’s balls squeezing firmly and quickly before the gentle stroking of his ass resumes. It’s the most divine torture Will has ever experienced.

With every stroke and touch Will remembers the way Hannibal hurt him. The feeling of the paddle as it it hit his ass, such a soaring pain, his arms stretched to almost his limit above him as he hung there helpless to Hannibal’s desire. Will moans as he remembers the feeling of Hannibal tearing that dress from him with such strength and abandon. He remembers his skin feeling too hot and as if there was an electric current running through him. Then to be fucked like that draped across the chest of drawers filled with things for him, surrounded by racks of clothes bought just for him. Will lets out a long moan and Hannibal can feel he is getting turned on again and squeezes his balls again making him groan.

Hannibal knows how to torture his boy, how to keep him floating just above arousal. He loves the way Will’s body is so responsive to him it’s both enchanting and mesmerizing to know that he can undo Will with just a touch. “Such a responsive whore for Daddy.” Hannibal says softly as he gently strokes the curve of Will’s ass. “Daddy could do this all night keep you over my lap and tease you for hours.”

Will moans again at the thought “yes, oh please Daddy.”

“Hmmm perhaps. I think I want to watch my slut come one more time.” Hannibal smiles and gently taps Will’s ass with the palm of his hand causing another whimper. “Sit up on Daddys lap whore, show me how much you like it when I take care of you.”

Will takes a deep breath and with Hannibal’s help he gracefully stands up between Hannibal’s relaxed knees he takes his time standing there watching Hannibal watch him. Will loves this feeling that gaze on him, that lustful stare it makes him feel like he is vibrating. Slowly Will places a knee either side of Hannibal’s and lowers himself into Hannibal’s lap. Hannibal’s hands encircle Will’s ankles just like he did the first time and Will moans at the memory. Will throws his head back exposing his neck that wonderful dark bruise glistens against the pale skin underneath the pearls. Then Will drags a hand down his chest scraping the skin and

moves his hips slightly so he brushes against Hannibal's crotch. "Mmm Daddy, you like to watch me?"

"My vixen you know I do."

Will smiles and grinds his hips once more he can feel Hannibal is getting hard again. "You will like it when other people watch me."

Hannibal looks at Will then lithe and pale in his lap so light and beautiful. "They will look my love but they will never touch. That is for me. Only for Daddy."

Will moans at the possessiveness and drags another hand down his chest reaching his hardening his cock which he gently strokes as Hannibal approvingly hums. "Tell me, tell me what they will see."

Hannibal smiles as Will begins to stroke himself in earnest while pinching his own nipple.

"They will see what a whore you have become for me. Look at you naked and touching yourself in Daddy's lap such a slut for me. Look at that Omegan cock of yours all hard for me. You are so beautiful like this but you know that. Wearing Daddy's pearls on your skin, that mark so wanton and on show. Everyone knows don't they? Everyone who sees you knows you belong to me. Knows you sold yourself to Daddy."

Will stops touching himself and fixes Hannibal with a serious stare his blue eyes look so clear and stunning it takes his breath away. "Not sold, Daddy, gave, I give you everything. I am your slut, your whore, your pet, your Omega, willingly. These pearls" he touches them as he speaks "they are lovely but I don't need them." He pulls the pearls so hard the clasp breaks there is a pause as Hannibal watches the collar break and the pearls fall down Will's chest and tumble to the floor. "I only need you. I would be naked and wanting all day if you desired it."

Hannibal smiles a wicked smile "Daddy spent a lot of money on that for you."

Will smiles and bites his lip "I know."

"Such a naughty whore." Hannibal licks his lips. "You have made a mess."

Will moans "yes, yes I have." Before Hannibal can even contemplate how he might punish his boy Will removes Hannibal's hands from his ankles and lithely gets off his lap. Hannibal watches transfixed as Will gets on all fours, his ass glistening beautifully from the red marks and the cream. Will then bends his head down and picks up one of the pearls with his teeth and then turns around still on all fours and deposits the pearl into Hannibal's lap. He looks down at Will who moans and looks around for another one which has landed near his left hand, he moves so his head is closer to it. Hannibal watches as Will takes the pearl between his teeth and picks it up, he turns around still on all fours to face Hannibal who holds out his palm for Will to place the pearl into. Will purposefully brushes his lips against the warm palm of Hannibal's hand before going back to his task.

Hannibal watches in silence as Will crawls around on the floor picking up pearls one by one and depositing them in Hannibal's hand. The sight is mesmerizing for Hannibal, he is becoming more and more aroused at his beautiful Omega crawling around on the floor for him. Each pearl is warm and slightly damp from Will's mouth, every time he drops a pearl into Hannibal's hand there is that soft brush of warm lips against his palm. After a while Hannibal can barely contain his arousal and puts his other hand down his pyjama bottoms to touch his engorged cock as he moans out Will's name. Will smiles briefly but is not distracted from his task, his own cock is still painfully erect and there is more slick running down his legs now but he pays it no mind.

Eventually when Will is finished and has picked up every single pearl he stops and waits for instructions he looks up at Hannibal who is stroking himself. Hannibal takes the pearls from his palm and places them in a small bowl on the table beside the sofa and contemplates his boy. Those storm blue eyes, that sheen from arousal and the concentration of completing his task. "Such a beautiful whore for Daddy, thank you." Will closes his eyes and whimpers in pleasure at the praise. "Turn around for Daddy so he can come on your beautiful slut ass. You would like that wouldn't you? Such a slut for me."

Will can only moan and nod as he turns so his ass is facing Hannibal's knees. Hannibal stands up and pushes his pyjama trousers down and begins to stroke himself in earnest while admiring those red marks on Will's ass. It doesn't take him long until he is coming in long ropes onto Will's ass who feels every hot spill like a burn. "Fuck yes Daddy." Will moans as he leans his head back.

"What a mess I have made on my boy." Hannibal says slightly breathless as he takes in the sight of his ruined whore. "What is to be done about that?"

"Mmm Daddy."

Hannibal pulls up his pyjama trousers and sits back down on the sofa "come up here whore, let me clean you."

Will groans and complies making his way onto the sofa by climbing up arms first then legs he positions himself beside Hannibal, ass closest to him. Hannibal turns to face him and licks a stripe across Will's ass tasting his own cum, the lotion and Will's sweat. Will can feel hands parting his cheeks and that wonderful tongue making its way painfully slowly inside as one of the hands slides down and squeezes Will's balls. Will makes a high pitched whine as Hannibal continues to lick and touch him. It feels divine and Will knows he will not last long he can feel his orgasm coiling and preparing to wrack his body. "Yes, ahhhhh, fuck yes."

Hannibal then wraps a hand around Will's cock and strokes it Will comes loudly over Hannibal's hand as the licking continues. It is not until Will is an overstimulated shaking mess, having come a few more times, that Hannibal stops. "Come back into Daddys lap." Hannibal says as he sits back. It takes Will a while to move his jelly limbs but he manages to get himself into Hannibal's lap. Once there Hannibal puts his fingers inside Will's mouth who licks them clean with relish. "Good whore."

Eventually Hannibal removes his fingers Will moans at their loss. "Can I kiss you Daddy?" Will wants to feel that tongue against his.

Hannibal smiles and nods as his hands once again encircle Will's ankles "hands behind your back." Will smiles as he is reminded of the first time they did this, he slowly holds his arms behind his back and leans in to touch his lips against Hannibal's. The kiss is painfully slow and languid it feels divine, it feels like time has stopped as they lick into each others mouths and Will gently moans. Only when Hannibal gently squeezes Will's ankles Will breaks the kiss and sits back.

"Let's go upstairs and get you a new collar."

Will smiles and moans "yes Daddy."

Chapter End Notes

Kudos are the pearls from Will's collar. Comments are the red marks on Will's poor abused bottom. Xxx

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Will moans as the grip on his hips increases and Hannibal places a small bite on Will's shoulder. "You could have anyone."

One of Hannibal's hands goes from Will's hips to his hair which he pulls firmly but gently, "I could. I could have anyone I wanted." The hand in Will's hair runs down the nape of his neck, nails scraping at the groove in the middle of Will's back as they slowly but intently make their way down the pale skin, small rivulets of blood break through the skin and Will moans. "An Alpha like me, I could have any Omega I choose. I have had many before you, my slut, many pretty little things. They wanted nothing more than to please me, to have my favour." Hannibal whispers low and dangerously into Will's ear. "to have my cock inside them, for me to fuck them. How they begged for me."

Chapter Notes

Thank you for all your support on this fic. A quick disclaimer to say that I do not associate with any other version of this series. As far as I am concerned this and part 1 and part 2 are all a stand alone universe. These are all my words no one else's. The original co-creator of Part 1 removed their name under their own volition, the subsequent parts have all been re-written/written solely by me.

beta'd by the rather wonderful @messy-scandinoodle

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will stands in front of the mirror, slick and cum has dried on his leg. His ass still feels wet and sore but he doesn't mind. He is still naked and he doubts that Hannibal will allow him to get dressed at all today or the whole weekend. He shivers at the thought of being Hannibal's naked pleasure slave, being used and abused at Hannibal's will.

Hannibal is currently opening the drawer containing all the collars that he has bought for Will. There are many different types, some more simple than others. Knowing Will likes the simple leather ones for everyday he has purchased some plain good quality leather. Italian leather, thick and soft. There are of course diamond encrusted ones, dripping with jewels,

some with satin ribbon, others velvet, a selection of more masculine and more feminine. One thing is clear they have all been made especially for Will.

"Come here to Daddy." Hannibal says and Will silently complies, Hannibal moves so Will can stand in front of him and look at the drawer of glistening jewels.

"These are all for me?" Will is breathless still overwhelmed by his Daddy's love and generosity.

Hannibal laughs gently and touches Will's shoulder "yes, all for you."

"They are beautiful." Will cannot take his eyes off the collars. There are so many colours, so many glinting diamonds, sapphires, rubies and emeralds. He has never seen anything like it before.

"As are you." Hannibal touches the bonding mark on Will's neck softly with his fingers and Will moans in pleasure.

Will cranes his neck back to look at Hannibal, "which one would you dress me in? When you show me to other people?"

Hannibal strokes the bond mark once more, and hums his approval as he meets those storm blue eyes. "My beautiful boy." Looking at all the collars, Hannibal imagines each one against his boys skin. He has thought about it, he thought about when he was choosing them and he knows exactly the one. Hannibal smiles and reaches for a box that is the corner at the back of the drawer. Its matte black and Will's heart skips a beat at what it could be. "I have known, I had one made especially for you. It's perfect. Shall we try it?"

Will gasps and nods as Hannibal closes the drawer and places the box on the chest of drawers.

“Close your eyes.” Hannibal whispers into Will’s ear, causing Will to lean against Hannibal as he closes his eyes.

“Yes, Daddy.”

Hannibal opens the box and removes the elaborate collar. It has several swags of pink diamonds over three tiers, with drops of diamonds, tied with a soft pink velvet tie. It is ridiculously over the top and cost a small fortune. He gently places it around Will’s neck and ties the velvet securely at the back of Will’s neck. Hannibal strokes his hand down Will’s back and then around to his hand, gently taking it,“keep your eyes closed and follow me.” Hannibal leads Will to the mirror again and positions him so he will be able to see himself. Hannibal stands directly behind him and places his hands on Will’s hips grasping them slightly.

“Open your eyes.”

Will takes a deep breath and opens his eyes, his hands go to the collar instantly. it’s so beautiful and excessive. He feels overwhelmed and as if he might cry, tears forming in his eyes. Whispering in Will’s ear, he licks the curve of his lobe, “what is wrong my love?”

“Nothing,” Will’s voice is cracked, he feels like all of his emotions are spilling out of him in this moment and he can barely contain it. “I don’t deserve all this.” His voice is barely a whisper.

Hannibal kisses Will down from his ear to his shoulder, his fingers gently stroke his hips all the while. “Yes you do.” Those fingers grasp at his hip bones, squeezing tightly. Will gasps and leans his head back onto Hannibal’s shoulder. “Why do you think you don’t deserve beautiful things? I know you like them.”

Will moans as the grip on his hips increases and Hannibal places a small bite on Will’s shoulder. “You could have anyone.”

One of Hannibal’s hands goes from Will’s hips to his hair which he pulls firmly but gently, “I could. I could have anyone I wanted.” The hand in Will’s hair runs down the nape of his

neck, nails scraping at the groove in the middle of Will's back as they slowly but intently make their way down the pale skin, small rivulets of blood break through the skin and Will moans. "An Alpha like me, I could have any Omega I choose. I have had many before you, my slut, many pretty little things. They wanted nothing more than to please me, to have my favour." Hannibal whispers low and dangerously into Will's ear. "to have my cock inside them, for me to fuck them. How they begged for me."

Will closes his eyes and as Hannibal's hand finds the curve of his ass, a finger runs down the crack finding its way to that abused hole. "Daddy." Will moans.

"They all wanted me, they still do. I could find any of them now. Leave you here naked and covered in my cum and go to them. I could do that."

Will keens as a finger pushes inside too quickly, the hand still on his hip grips even tighter. "Do you want to hear about all the wonderful, pretty little things Daddy has fucked before you? How they made him feel? How they felt when he pushed inside them? Fucked them?"

"No, please, no Daddy." Will feels like he is breaking. He feels like Hannibal could still throw him away, bond be damned. If someone else came along who was prettier than him, who was younger or older or just not him, Hannibal could choose them leave him wanting and needing and pining.

"Do you think when I left you after I fucked you in the back of my car, in my kitchen like the whore you are, I didn't go and fuck other omegas? Maybe that's what Daddy did when he didn't call you."

Will feels panic, humiliation and pain. Has Hannibal been stringing him along all this time? Making him think they could ever be together. That Hannibal would ever settle for a poor omega so much younger than him with no experience. "Did you? Do you want them more than me?" Wills voice is small and fragile and it makes Hannibal ache.

"You are my whore Will Graham, you are my one and only boy. I could have anyone, but no one would be you. There is not a single omega on this planet that compares to you. None of them could hold a candle to you. The moment I had you I was yours. There was no one else but you, and there will be no one else after you." The hand on Will's hips slips round to his cock and cups it. "You, all of you belongs to me now. This sweet beautiful Omegan cock that

gets so hard for me it's mine, it belongs to me." The finger inside Will hooks up and strokes his walls "this part of you, this beautiful tight hole is mine, it belongs to me." Hannibal kisses Will's neck and bites at the pale skin. "All your skin, every inch of this pale neck, that mark we made together, it's all mine."

Will moans as he realises Hannibal is right. Every atom of him belongs to Hannibal and it always will. "Yes Daddy."

"Put your hand on Daddy's cock." Hannibal orders and Will reaches behind him and places his hand on Hannibal's rapidly filling cock which strains against the pajama trousers warm and heavy through the silk. "Good boy, this cock that responds to you, that wants to be inside you. It's yours it belongs to you. Can you feel it? Can you feel how much Daddy always wants to fuck you, touch you, be with you?"

Will can, he can feel now the admiration Hannibal has for him, the lust and the need. He gasps overwhelmed as tears fall from his eyes, "Yes, Daddy."

"Never doubt me. Never doubt yourself. And never doubt my worship of you. If this is ever going to work, if I am going to break you in front of an audience, you need to trust me, trust us and feel that when I look at you I see nothing but radiant beauty." Hannibal turns and lifts Will up in his arms and carries him out of the dressing room and Will's room into Hannibal's room. Will is silent as he does this, finding comfort in the strength of Hannibal's arms as he is carried and the placed down on the cool satin sheets. Hannibal removes his pajama bottoms and lays beside Will on the bed.

"Sshhh my love let Daddy show you how much he loves you. Such a perfect whore for me." Hannibal's hands starts to roam up and down Will's chest, gently tweaking his nipples, covering Will's body with his. He starts to kiss his neck and bite at the pink diamonds of the collar. "Touch Daddy, he wants to feel his whore's hands."

Will gasp and runs his hands down Hannibal's back feeling the strong muscles and sinews. He never gets tired of the strength contained in his alpha's body. All that power so beautifully contained. Will wraps his legs around Hannibal's waist hooking his feet together, encouraging Hannibal to enter him. He needs to feel Hannibal inside him. "Please, Daddy." Will has tears running down into his ears now. He feels so loved, more loved than he has ever felt before. The weight of his Daddy above him and that large cock so close to being inside him.

“Shh whore, Daddy will fuck you, he wants to show you how much he loves you.”

Hannibal enters Will slowly taking his time, feeling the way Will’s body accommodates him. The tightness around Hannibal and that glorious wet pressure. They both moan long and languid as Hannibal begins to thrust in earnest. Looking down at his boy with the beautiful collar around his neck makes Hannibal want to cry too. Will is lost to the pleasure, his eyes are rolled back in his head more tears streaming down his face and that wonderful gleaming sheen has started to form on his skin.

Will can feel nothing but hot intense pleasure and the weight of Hannibal above him. Its like he is coming apart, like his molecules are exploding like fireworks. He has never felt like this before and it makes him ache. He thinks about the way Hannibal makes him feel and all the attention he gives him both with the gifts and in every other way. No one could ever make him feel this needed. He feels utterly debauched and used and it feels amazing. He is sore and every agonising thrust feels wonderfully painful like an electric shock going through his veins. He moans out “Daddy” as he comes again and feels himself falling into a blissful unconsciousness.Only aware of Hannibal coming while moaning his pets name.

***

Will spends the rest of the weekend only wearing various collars. Hannibal was not allowing him to put on clothes. Sometimes Will just sits naked at Hannibal’s feet, this is one of Will’s favourite games. He finds it relaxing to just be in Hannibal’s presence, naked, and sitting leaning against his knees. The occasional hand brushes through his hair and pulls absently at the strands. Sometimes Hannibal feeds Will with his hands. Decadent food, small pieces of meat, cheese and chocolate. All of it tastes divine and melts on Will’s tongue. He gives him sips of wine that slip down his throat easily.

Will feels like he is in a bubble with just him and his Daddy. He never wants this feeling to end, he wants the weekend to go on forever. They are laid on the couch, Will’s hands in Hannibal’s lap who has just fed him delicious morsels. Hs stomach is full and satiated, he blinks slowly with lazy contentment. Hannibal looks down adoringly at his boy. Will still wears the same collar Hannibal placed on him a few days ago. The elaborate one that he bought specially for showing Will off. Hannibal’s fingers touch the jewels tenderly, his other hand holds a glass of red wine he’s sipping. Will finds watching the glass being brought to those lips impossibly arousing and moans, Hannibal chuckles slightly. “Such a naughty whore.”

“Only for you Daddy.” Will smiles and meets those brown eyes.

“Daddy has enjoyed playing with you these past few days.” As Hannibal speaks he strokes down Will’s chest and plays with a nipple,Will arching his back slightly in response. “These nipples, they are mine too, so responsive. They are a favourite of mine.”

“I am glad you like them, I love that they are yours.” Will moans as Hannibal pinches him.

“I have organised dinner next week for a few friends.”

Will opens his eyes and smiles “really?” He knows what that means. The first stage of Hannibal showing him to others. He feels giddy and aroused.

“Yes. We will start slow, just a few people for me to introduce you to. Daddy wants you to be comfortable.” As he purrs out the word *comfortable* Hannibal’s hand travels as low as he can reach to Will’s stomach and gently strokes it. “Move up a little so Daddy can reach that Omegan cock that belongs to him, you know how he likes to play with it.”

Will hums his approval as he knows that the torturous edging is about to begin again. He shuffles further up Hannibal’s lap as requested. Hannibal’s hand then gently cups Will’s cock and balls, rolling them around in his hand gently as Will tries to breathe and remain calm.

“Nothing will happen unless you are comfortable. I think that I will perhaps put a plug inside you, the one that vibrates and only Daddy can control it, I like to see you squirm.”

Will laughs with delight at the thought of that sweet torture. “Yes, Daddy.”

“Daddy can watch you as well. He loves to see you blush with pleasure. It is truly beautiful.”

Hannibal squeezes Will's balls again and he gasps. "Such a responsive whore for me." Will moans again and his back arches. He can feel slick forming and his cock getting harder. Hannibal squeezes for a long time until Will has gone soft again from the pain and pressure. It's exquisite torture and Will knows Hannibal can keep doing this to him for hours. "Daddy's slut loves to be tortured, doesn't he?"

"Hmmm, yes please, Daddy."

Hannibal smiles and sips his wine as he squeezes three times then one long hard squeeze to make Will keen. "Please what?"

"Please let me come, Daddy, please."

Hannibal sips his wine again and gently strokes a finger down the shaft of Will's cock and then cups his balls again, "when I decide. Such an impatient slut. Daddy likes to make you wait, watch you suffer, you look so beautiful when you suffer."

Will is moaning now as he tries to not get too aroused but it's not working. Hannibal places his wine glass down and uses his now free hand to pinch one of Will's nipples he keeps it between his fingers and rolls it around while Will breathes through the pain and ever burgeoning arousal.

"Beg for Daddy."

"Please, Oh Daddy, please, please, oh god, please, yes, please Daddy let me come please."

Hannibal hums at the beautiful way his boy begs. "Good slut." Hannibal switches to the other nipple and tortures that one as Will keens and whimpers now barely able to control himself. His cock wants to fill but every time it even shows signs Hannibal squeezes it until it stops. There is slick leaking from his hole and he knows it's making a mess of this sofa. The fact that Hannibal doesn't mind makes it even hotter. "Fuck Daddy, please, pleeaaassseee."

“Such a good boy.” Hannibal’s hand slips down from Will’s cock as he inserts his fingers inside. Will moans again at this unexpected development. “So tight, so wet for me slut.”

Those fingers then begin to fuck Will and his cock is finally allowed to fill but is left untouched, flinching. Will knows that Hannibal can make him come just from his fingers. Hannibal’s other hand is still rolling and squeezing Will’s nipple alternating from painful to gentle touches. Will feels like he is floating above his body right now, as the intense pleasure and pain build up. Hannibal does not take his eyes off this writhing nymph in his lap his own cock is getting full as Will rubs up against it and those glorious moans leave his mouth.

Hannibal speeds up his fingers and adds another “daddy wants to see you come whore.”

Will moans and arches his back, his hands grip the cushions of the sofa as he comes hard with the word “Daddy” on his lips. Hannibal puts his fingers in Will’s mouth for him to clean as he hums in approval. “Good slut now suck Daddy so he can come. After that show, Daddy is very turned on.”

Hannibal watches as Will manages to gather himself up and sit on the floor between Hannibal’s legs. Hands reach up to pull the pajama trousers down to reveals Hannibal’s very hard cock. Will smiles and kisses the tip of it which elicits a beautiful moan from Hannibal. Hands grip Will’s hair as he takes the whole of Hannibal in his mouth, an act that is getting easier but still causes Will to choke and gag. They both like it when he does. Will starts to bob up and down as hands pull at his hair. “Fuucck.” Will loves it when he can make Hannibal swear, and hums as he bobs up and down faster. Hannibal comes hard and fast and Will swallows it all.

“Good whore.” Hannibal breathes out.

Chapter End Notes

kudos are the way the light catches the diamonds on Will's collar and comments are the moans of pleasure/discomfort Will makes when Hannibal is torturing him ;)

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Not saying a word Will finds himself being led to the pantry, the door to which Hannibal does not close after him. Reaching into his pocket Hannibal turns on the plug and Will moans as he feels it vibrate inside him. Hannibal then smiles and moves closer to Will, crowding him against the wine rack. “You look good for Daddy.”

Will smiles and blushes at the compliment causing Hannibal to lick his lips. “Hmm I like knowing what’s underneath this.” Hannibal says as he runs his hand down Will’s leg. “Knowing what a slut you truly you are. Those pink stockings next to that warm, pale skin. Those lace panties, are they straining yet? Is that sweet Omegan cock of yours excited?” Hannibal drags his hand along the crotch of Will’s trousers and he groans. “I bet you want Daddy to fuck you right here in earshot of our guests. Daddy knows how loud you can get. You would like that wouldn’t you? For Daddy to ruin you right here?”

“Yes.” Will breathes out as Hannibal brings a hand up to his hair and brushes his fingers through his curls.

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beta'd by the rather wonderful @messy-scandinoodle

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will is alone in his dressing room. He feels nervous but excited. Hannibal wanted him to choose his own clothes wanting him to feel comfortable. He hasn’t really had a chance to look through all of the new wardrobe Hannibal bought him. So here he stands now, freshly showered, hair still a little damp. He’s wearing his blue silk dressing gown and running his

hands along all the hanging clothes. He takes a deep breath and then opens the lingerie drawer.

There are so many options. So many colours. So much lace, silk and satin all wonderfully delicate and soft. Running his fingers along them he shivers with excitement. Feeling himself get a little hard at just the thought of what this evening holds. Closing his eyes he breathes out a hum to calm himself down. Opening his eyes again he looks down at the array of options. He smiles as he sees the set of pale pink. *perfect* he thinks.

Will takes the lace panties, stockings, and garter belt and walks over to the chair. He takes a deep breath. The chair still smells like Hannibal. Sitting down he pulls the panties on first, adjusting his cock to the side, then leaning down he pulls on the stockings. Finally he stands and puts on the belt and attaches the stockings to it. He makes his way to the mirror and looks at himself.

Smiling he does the dressing gown up again running his hands down the lapels to reveal more of his skin. It's been a while since he has looked at himself in the mirror like this alone. Not since he lived in his old apartment when used to stand in front of the mirror and practice teasing, who he imagined would be Hannibal. Will smiles to himself as he remembers hoping and waiting for Hannibal to call, imagining what he would do when he did. Will slowly pulls the tie loose holding one side of the robe against himself he reveals one stockinged leg. He runs his hand down his thigh and smiles at the soft, sheer satin and lace. Letting the other side fall free he can see his engorged cock straining against the pale pink panties and smiles. Throwing his shoulders back he lets the robe flutter to the floor and takes in the sight.

Hannibal, who has been stood watching this little show, can no longer contain himself steps into the dressing room. Dressed in a fine Italian charcoal suit, silk tie and crisp light blue shirt. Will thinks he looks beautiful and cannot help but blush when he sees him.

"Enjoying yourself, my whore?" Hannibal's voice rumbles with amusement smiling he stands behind his boy taking in the view.

Will looks down and bites his lower lip in an imitation of coyness and whispers, "Yes".

“Hmmmm well let me look at you.” Hannibal walks around Will, taking him in from every angle, appraising him. “Yes Daddy likes it.” Will laughs and smiles at the approval. “You are missing something though.” Hannibal puts his hand in his pocket and removes the butt plug he had promised. Will gasps and smiles. “Bend over whore, lean on the chest of drawers. Show me that hole of yours that needs filling.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

Will slowly turns on shaky legs and bends over, resting his arms on the chest of drawers. Hannibal takes a moment to look at his boy. Those legs, so long and beautiful in such delicate satin and lace. That ass so perfectly presented to him, Hannibal cannot help but lick his lips. Gently he hooks a finger under the waistband of the panties and lowers them to just below Will’s ass. Will gasps and his legs shake in anticipation. Hannibal gently runs the tip of the plug down the round cheek. “Stay still, whore. Daddy needs to make sure this fits just right.”

Will closes his eyes and breathes through the rising arousal. Hannibal takes his time, teasing Will with gentle touches and tickles, he leans down and kisses everywhere but where Will needs him to. Eventually the plug is inserted and Hannibal licks around it before pulling the panties back up over it. “Beautiful. Stay there for a moment while Daddy makes sure it works.” Hannibal presses the button on the small remote in his pocket and the plug vibrates softly making Will moan. “Yes I would say that’s perfect.” Hannibal switches it off. “Stand up for me. Daddy needs to put your collar on before you get dressed.”

Will slowly stands and faces the mirror again as Hannibal walks to the drawer and takes out a white pearl collar with pink diamonds, simple but beautiful. Hannibal places the collar around Will’s neck and does the clasp up before standing back to admire his work.

“Lovely.” Hannibal places his hand on Will’s shoulder and squeezes. “Finish dressing and meet me downstairs.”

Will nods and smiles before Hannibal leaves.

***

Will chooses a simple navy suit with a white shirt and brown brogues to cover the lingerie. His hair dried naturally so it's extra curly which he knows Hannibal loves. He dabs some aftershave on which smells like lemons to him but he knows Hannibal must like it on him. Taking one last look in the mirror he unbuttons another shirt button to show off his neck and collar. Satisfied he makes his way downstairs.

He can hear voices and laughter as he nears the lounge. Before he can enter, Hannibal having known Will was approaching, appears and takes his hand and kisses it softly, "you look divine." Hannibal says and means it, especially as that blush is back, making Will look even more beautiful. He leads Will into the lounge to meet the guests.

There are two Omegan women, both very striking. They beam smiles at Will and throw knowing glances of approval at Hannibal.

"Will, this is Alana Bloom and Margot Verger." Will smiles nervously as they each take his hand in turn and kiss it softly.

"Its nice to meet you." Will says shyly and they laugh.

"He is so charming Hannibal, I don't know where you found him!" Alana says, looking him up and down.

"Indeed he is, if I told you where I found him you would never believe me." Hannibal laughs and Will looks bashful.

"Oh that is intriguing you must tell us more." Margot laughs, her interest piqued. Will notices she has a kind face and feels some of his nerves leave him.

Hannibal leaves Will to pour him a glass of champagne which Will gratefully takes, sipping the cool bubbles. He smiles as he listens to Hannibal tell them the story of how they met. Will cannot entirely believe the story Hannibal is telling. It feels like a dream or a fairytale. Alana finds it hilarious that Hannibal would ever be so obvious and Margot finds it charming. Of course Hannibal leaves out the part about Will breaking into Hannibal's house

when he was in heat, a fact that Will whispers conspiratorially into Margot's ear. Shethrows her head back and laughs loudly.

"Will please could you come and help me with something before we start dinner?" Hannibal asks as he sidles up to Will and puts his arm around his waist squeezing slightly.

"Of course." Will replies.

"Excuse us, ladies, we will not be long and then dinner will be served." Hannibal places both his and Will's and champagne glasses down on the coffee table then leads Will out of the lounge.

Not saying a word Will finds himself being led to the pantry, the door to which Hannibal does not close after him. Reaching into his pocket Hannibal turns on the plug and Will moans as he feels it vibrate inside him. Hannibal then smiles and moves closer to Will, crowding him against the wine rack. "You look good for Daddy."

Will smiles and blushes at the compliment causing Hannibal to lick his lips. "Hmm I like knowing what's underneath this." Hannibal says as he runs his hand down Will's leg. "Knowing what a slut you truly you are. Those pink stockings next to that warm, pale skin. Those lace panties, are they straining yet? Is that sweet Omegan cock of yours excited?" Hannibal drags his hand along the crotch of Will's trousers and he groans. "I bet you want Daddy to fuck you right here in earshot of our guests. Daddy knows how loud you can get. You would like that wouldn't you? For Daddy to ruin you right here?"

"Yes." Will breathes out as Hannibal brings a hand up to his hair and brushes his fingers through his curls.

"Take your trousers off. Slowly."

Hannibal is still stood very close to Will as he shivers, hands shaking. He undoes his belt and fly pushing his trousers so they pool at his feet to reveal those pale pink stockings. Smiling, Hannibal runs a finger lightly up the inside of Will's thigh. "Such a pretty slut for Daddy."

Will moans and leans his head back against the wine rack. He gasps as Hannibal kneels down in front of him. No matter how many times Hannibal has done this it still takes Will's breath away to see such a powerful Alpha on his knees, for him. "Daddy." Will whimpers in pleasure as Hannibal manages to turn up the plug once more. Hel kisses the inside of Will's thighs, then takes the garter belt between his teeth and playfully pings it against Will's leg. Then there are impossibly chaste butterfly kisses all along the top hem of the panties as Will's cock hardens. Hannibal's hands make their way to Will's ass, a finger strokes under the hem of the panties ever so gently and Will whimpers with need.

Hannibal begins to kiss and lick Will's cock through the lace and Will feels like he might lose his mind. Gasping he grips the wood of the wine rack as if his life depended on it. He knows the door is open. He knows that he can definitely be heard if he gets any louder and it feels amazing. Hannibal's teasing gentle touches combined with the plug vibrating are causing Will to feel like he is floating above his body. He can feel the slick forming behind the plug as his cock starts to leak precum, combined with Hannibal's mouth the panties are getting quite sodden and Will knows Hannibal will make him keep them on.

Before Will can acknowledge what Hannibal is doing he feels those teeth graze against his skin as they pull the panties down to release Will's cock. Hannibal's mouth is on him, sucking hard, teeth scraping against sensitive flesh. "Daddyy!!" Will shouts much louder than he wanted to, but god that feels impossibly good. Hannibal gently squeezes Will's ass as he easily swallows Will's cock and sucks hard and then bobs up and down until Will comes hard and Hannibal swallows every drop. Hannibal then kisses all around Will's cock, down his thighs again until Will is whimpering and over stimulated. The plug still vibrating inside him.

Eventually Hannibal stands softly kissing Will on the lips, "get dressed and join us in the dining room. Keep those wet panties on. Daddy wants everyone to know what a slut you are for him."

Will moans and Hannibal turns the plug off so that Will can find some semblance of himself again before leaving.

***

Hannibal leads Margot and Alana through to the dining room with knowing glances as they heard Will's moans and gasps quite clearly. When Will does appear, he is doing his best to look as normal as he can even though his legs are still shaking. The lace panties are so wet they are threatening to leak through onto his suit trousers, which look decidedly more crumpled than earlier.

As Hannibal leans over Will to fill his glass he turns the plug on again and it takes all of Will's self control not to moan loudly. "Good whore." Hannibal whispers into Will's ear before going around the rest of the table and filling everyone else's glasses.

They eat amazing food and Will finds that despite the constant distraction of his arousal he enjoys the company of the women. Hannibal touches him at every given opportunity meaning he has a constant blush on his face and his skin has an unmistakable sheen to it. At the end of the meal Hannibal smiles at Will. Leaning over he whispers into Will's ear and turns the plug up again. The vibration can be heard unmistakably as Will groans.

"Be a good whore for Daddy and remove your clothes." Hannibal commands.

Will gasps as he realises the whole evening has been leading up to this, a small test of the waters. Alana and Margot smile widely as Hannibal sits back in his chair watching what Will do.

Gingerly Will stands up, pushes his chair back and walks around to the other end of the long table so he can looks at Hannibal as he does this. He needs that gaze to keep his nerve. First he removes his jacket, placing it on the table, then his shoes carefully placing the brogues under the table. The shirt is next. Will keeps constant eye contact with Hannibal as he undoes the buttons slowly revealing his pale chest. Taking his time Will eventually shrugs the shirt off his shoulders, letting it fall to the ground he kicks it to the side eliciting a raised eyebrow from Hannibal. Will knows he will receive his punishment later for this and smiles.

The belt is next which Will undoes slowly and removes from the loops. He drops that too on the floor as Hannibal sips his wine with a knowing smile. Will then undoes his trousers and lets them fall to the ground before stepping out of them. He is then just standing in the lingerie and the collar.

Both Margot and Alana smile at Will who looks completely debauched and beautiful. Will moans as he feels all three gazes on him. He knew it would feel good, just like at the carwash but a thousand times better. He can feel that Hannibal is pleased and it makes him moan again. “Turn around.” Hannibal commands and Will gingerly on shaky legs turns around so that they can all see him from behind. This elicits more appreciative gasps from Margot and Alana.

Hannibal leaves him standing there for while longer until Margot and Alana leave, telling Hannibal how beautiful Will is. Eventually Hannibal returns and walks over to Will. “turn around again and bend over onto the table.” Will moans and complies. “You have been such a good whore for Daddy this evening. I am going to play with you now on this table. You will not move until I command it.”

Will moans as he bends over the table, legs still shaking in anticipation.

Chapter End Notes

kudos are the soft lace of Will's pink stockings and comments are the way Will's legs shake as he waits patiently for Hannibal as he bent over the table.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

> “Hmm, perhaps I will make you wait a little longer.” Hannibal pushes the plug back inside Will and turns the vibration up high. “I am going to clear up. You are going to wait here for me. Do not move.”
>
> Will whines and his cock flinches desperate to come. He doesn’t move though as Hannibal walks away and begins to clear the plates one at a time from the dining room. Will can only whimper as he watches helplessly. Hannibal takes his time clearing every last plate, glass and utensil. He washes everything by hand, dries it all and puts it away. Will stays the entire time clinging onto the table as the plug continues to torture him. There is the occasional whimper and moan from Will but mostly he waits patiently for his Daddy to return.

Chapter Notes

> Thank you for all your support on this fic. A quick disclaimer to say that I do not associate with any other version of this series. As far as I am concerned this and part 1 and part 2 are all a stand alone universe. These are all my words no one else's. The original co-creator of Part 1 removed their name under their own volition, the subsequent parts have all been re-written/written solely by me.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal takes a moment to admire the view. Will is shaking. His legs spread still bent over the dining room table. Hannibal can see the plug now, as it vibrates inside Will, as well as hear it. Will’s pink lace panties are now quite sodden and he is moaning in earnest. “You liked being looked at this evening, taking off your clothes while we watched, showing yourself to be the whore you are.” Hannibal’s voice has no judgement it filled with admiration for his boy.

Will groans in response.

“Tell Daddy how much you loved it.”

“I loved it so much Daddy, I loved being a whore for you.”

“You are my filthy slut.”

“Yes, Daddy, yes I am, oh god, yes I am.”

Hannibal takes a step closer and places his fingers under the hem of the pink panties “shall I tear these off?”

“Yes, please Daddy you know I love that, please.”

Hannibal smiles “you are so needy for Daddy, such a pretty, wet slut for me.”

“Yes, god yes.”

Hannibal tears the lace panties from Will, who lets out a gasp and grips harder onto the table to keep himself from falling. Then there is very soft stroking of his upper thighs following the belt holding the stockings up. A finger then traces around the plug which is still vibrating and there is slick leaking from the edges. Hannibal brings his finger up to his mouth and tastes it. “You are so wet, this plug cannot contain you, Daddy will have to get you a bigger one next time.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

Hannibal twists the plug inside Will, removes it partly and then pushes it back in, more slick leaks out. Will can feel the slick leaking down his legs onto the stockings. “You are a deliciously filthy whore.” Hannibal says in genuine appreciation as the scent of Will’s slick fills the room. Twisting the plug once more before he removes it Hannibal smiles. “Shall I fuck you now?”

“Please Daddy, please fuck me, please.” Will whines he needs Hannibal inside him and he needs it to happen now. His legs are shaking and the grip on the table is increasing with his need.

“Hmm, perhaps I will make you wait a little longer.” Hannibal pushes the plug back inside Will and turns the vibration up high. “I am going to clear up. You are going to wait here for me. Do not move.”

Will whines and his cock flinches desperate to come. He doesn’t move though as Hannibal walks away and begins to clear the plates one at a time from the dining room. Will can only whimper as he watches helplessly. Hannibal takes his time clearing every last plate, glass and utensil. He washes everything by hand, dries it all and puts it away. Will stays the entire time clinging onto the table as the plug continues to torture him. There is the occasional whimper and moan from Will but mostly he waits patiently for his Daddy to return.

Eventually Hannibal returns to him. Wordlessly he turns the plug off and slowly removes it as Will moans loudly so over stimulated right now it feels like he is breaking into a million pieces. “Such an obedient slut for me.” Hannibal says softly as he strokes Will’s ass with his hand. “You have been so patient for Daddy.” Hannibal licks the plug clean and then places it in his trouser pocket.

“Please, please Daddy, fuck me, please.”

“My beautiful whore of course Daddy is going to take care of you. Can you stand up?” Will moans but manages to stand up on shaky legs. “Come here, let Daddy carry you to his bed.” Hannibal easily picks Will up in his arms as Will gently embraces Hannibal’s neck. Hannibal then easily carries Will upstairs where he carefully places the Omega on the soft silk sheets of Hannibal’s bed. Hannibal undresses removing the rest of clothes and putting his suit away as Will writhes on the bed.

Eventually Hannibal joins Will on the bed and covers his body with his own. He softly kisses him, tongues gently scraping together as Hannibal swallows every needy moan from his boy. Hannibal has been hard ever since he left Will on the dining room table and Will can feel that large Alpha cock touching his and he moans with need. Hannibal kneels between Will’s

legs he reaches out his hand and strokes the now quite damp stockings. “Such a good boy for his Daddy, I want you on all fours.”

Will groans but manages to move so he is shakily on all fours on the bed. Hannibal appreciates this position especially with the stockings. Will’s hole is so open and wet for him it makes Hannibal moan. Knelt behind Will, Hannibal strokes his cock once to prepare himself before he slowly pushes inside his whore. Will keens loudly at the feeling of finally being filled by that large Alpha cock he has needed and wanted all evening. Hannibal starts gently enjoying the feeling of being inside his Omega. He wants to take his his time.

Each thrust is a slow torture of pleasure for Will. He can feel every inch of Hannibal as it glides inside him, the room is filled with his moans and the sound of slapping skin. Hannibal’s hands are gently gripping Will’s hips and he longs for more, he wants to be grabbed and fucked but Hannibal instead is torturing him with soft, slow movements as he whispers what a good whore Will is.

Will is shaking with need and almost delirious with arousal when Hannibal’s hand comes round and starts stroking Will’s neglected cock. “Yes, god yes, please, fuck, yes please Daddy, oh god.” Will comes almost straight away as the feeling of finally being touched overwhelms him. Hannibal moans as Will’s hole clenches around him. Hannibal then removes his hand from Will’s cock and runs it up his back smearing cum and slick along the skin. He puts his fingers under Will’s collar and pulls him back with it so he is flush against Hannibal’s chest.

Hannibal then begins to harshly thrust inside Will as he pulls tighter on the collar so Will is sputtering and finding it hard to breathe. Another orgasm wracks Will’s body as Hannibal whispers into Will’s ear biting the lobe “come for me once more my beautiful whore, show Daddy how much you love being his slut.”

“Fuuccckkk” Will moans as he comes again. Hannibal thrusts and pulls hard on on the collar and comes pushing his knot inside as Will grips down and takes the knot securely. They both moan as Hannibal releases Will from his hold coming again inside him as they both collapse on the bed.

***

“I found a stage for you.” Hannibal whispers into Will’s ear. Will is still sleepy his eyes are only partly open as he mumbles an unintelligible response. Will can feel Hannibal’s hand slowly stroking down his side to his cock. He is spooned with his back against Hannibal, tucked into his chest warm and happy. Hannibal cups Will’s balls and cock rolling them in his hand. Will moans and tries to push his back even further into Hannibal’s chest. Hannibal bites Will’s ear lobe softly tasting the cartilage. “Come back to me love, open your eyes.”

Will moans as Hannibal starts to kiss his neck placing small bites on his bonding mark. “Daddy.”

Hannibal begins to stroke Will’s cock into life, it’s such a tender touch it feels like the softest caress, those elegant fingers know exactly how Will likes to be touched. The dawn light is softly fluttering through the curtains, the room is still mostly dark, both their scents are strong and mingled from spending the night so closely curled up against each other. Will hums in contentment he would start every day like this. He can feel Hannibal’s arousal stirring against his ass as he starts to shift and rubbing that Alpha cock against Will’s cheeks. “Mmmm Daddy please.” Will moans with need.

Will can feel the smile against his neck as the hand that is carefully stroking Will’s cock moves down. A finger enters inside slowly feeling for that sweet spot. Hannibal bites Will’s neck and shifts his weight closer as Will begins to keen, his cock now fully erect. “Touch yourself while Daddy plays with you.”

“Fuck yes Daddy.” Will moans as his hand finds his cock and begins to stroke it in time with the intimate stroking Hannibal is giving his hole. “Please.” Will groans that finger is not enough as he feels that large cock behind him. He is sore from last night but he doesn’t care as he feels slick forming again around Hannibal’s finger.

“Mmmm patience my sweet boy.” Hannibal croons as he adds another finger scissoring them and making Will roll his eyes back in his head and stroke himself a little faster. “You like it when Daddy teases you.”

“Yes, Daddy, fuck yes, oh god Daddy, please.”

“I have found a stage for you my love. Everyone will see you as you writhe in pleasure and pain for me. Can you imagine that my love? All those eyes on you, seeing you for the whore

your Daddy knows you to be?"

Will moans as he takes in what Hannibal is saying, imagines it, imagines being watched as Hannibal plays with him, dressed up in clothes Hannibal bought him, wearing a collar dripping with diamonds. "Yeesss."

"Show Daddy how much you would like that, fuck yourself on his cock baby boy, touch yourself, use Daddy, you slut Omega." Hannibal removes his fingers and pushes his cock inside Will who lets out a long, loud whine as it burns but god it feels good. As instructed he moves his hips back and forth fucking himself on Hannibal's cock. "Tell Daddy how much of a whore you are."

"Oh Daddy, fuck I am such a slut for your cock, fuck I wish I could stay like this forever. Fuck it feels so good, ugh, yes please god yes, Daddy."

Hannibal strokes down Will's side and grips his hips as he continues to fuck himself. "Oh my whore you feel so tight and wet for Daddy, does it hurt my love?"

"Yes, god yes it hurts, fuck you are so big it always hurts me, I need it Daddy, you know I do." Will keens and leans back craning his neck as he thrusts himself slow and steady on Hannibal's cock. "Will you kiss me? Please Daddy, I want you to kiss me."

Hannibal moans he cannot resist this gentle begging as Will slowly fucks and strokes himself. Whispering yes he gently presses his lips against Will's and languidly kisses him, soft lips, warm tongues and glorious moans. They are in a bubble of pleasure and neither of them want it to end. When Will comes it is long and slow, his orgasm seeming to go on for ages as he feels every inch of Hannibal push inside that knot breaching him with a hot flash of pain and then warmth as he squeezes Hannibal's release from him.

They lie connected panting as Hannibal continues to kiss Will's neck and stroke his side down the curve of his hip and the top of his thigh warm and pale. "Are you awake?" Hannibal asks.

Will's eyes flutter open and he moves his leg so its between Hannibal's who moans at the change in position. "Yes."

"Good morning." Hannibal says as he inhales that wonderful scent from Will's neck. "How are you?"

"Sore but good."

"I will help you when we are disconnected to feel better, you did a lot last night, you were very beautiful for Daddy."

"Hmmm thank you."

"Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Yes very much."

"Good. I have a stage for you next, when you are ready."

Will cranes his neck to look up at Hannibal "a stage?"

"Yes, my love. I am going to show you off, make you suffer make you come."

"Fuck."

"Sleep now let Daddy take care of you."

Chapter End Notes

Kudos are the way Will's legs shake as he tries to stay still on the table, comments are the view Hannibal has when he asks Will to go on all fours.

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Hannibal smiles and feels that confidence he knows they are connected he knows they will be perfect together as always. He nods and then says to Will voice stronger now "are you ready?"

"I have an audience?" Will asks breathlessly realising that they must be waiting now behind that curtain and he feels a shiver of anticipation and licks his lips. That this is going to happen. He suddenly can't catch his breath, the collar feeling tighter he whimpers slightly.

"Yes." Hannibal answers simply. "They are waiting. Eager to admire you."

Chapter Notes

*****PLEASE NOTE UPDATED TAGS*******

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

"May I dress you?" Hannibal meets Will as he leaves the bathroom having just freshly showered, he is wearing his blue robe and toweling his hair. He stops when he sees Hannibal and smiles.

Will makes his way over to Hannibal dropping the damp towel on the floor and smirking at the look of disapproval on Hannibal's face. He stops close to Hannibal who is wearing a beautiful suit with a tie that is just begging to be pulled. Will loves to ruin Hannibal's ties in anyway he can. He knows how expensive they are and the thrill that he gets from ruining them, from knowing that Hannibal will let him ruin them is, worth every wonderful spanking he receives. Reaching up to grab the knot Will wraps his slender fingers around it, runs his hand down then pulls the tie out from the waistcoat and jacket pulling Hannibal towards him.

Their mouths dangerously close as Will brushes his lips against Hannibal's and whispers "of course."

Hannibal closes his eyes and hums his approval as Will pulls him closer, lips softly part, slow and sweet. Will moans as Hannibal brings his hand up to Will's neck encircling it and squeezing slightly, the perfect pressure and soreness on the bonding bite. Opening his eyes Hannibal gently pushes Will back and breaks the kiss. Will's eyes are still closed his pink lips parted, his breathing a little constricted. "Pick up your towel, meet me in your dressing room." Will opens his eyes and softly laughs.

"Yes Daddy."

Hannibal releases him and Will lets go of his tie watching as Hannibal smoothes it down and puts it back tucking it under the waistcoat and tightening the knot. Will then retrieves the towel and takes it back into the bathroom. He can hear Hannibal's footsteps making their way to the dressing room Will grins in excitement as he removes his robe, hangs it up and then, naked, makes his way to the dressing room.

"Thought Daddy would want a blank canvas to start from." Will smirks again as he enters the dressing room where Hannibal is stood by the mirror.

"Hmm, yes what a canvas." Hannibal looks Will up and down all that pale skin and can't help but lick his lips especially as, seemingly, he can still make his whore blush just from looking at him. "I need to make sure you are prepared first."

Will cocks an eyebrow as he watches Hannibal walk over to the drawer where all the plugs are kept. Remembering what Hannibal said last time about needing a bigger one Will shivers with delight as he watches Hannibal running his fingers along all the different choices. He eventually stops at a large slick black plug. Hannibal looks up at Will as he runs his finger along it. Will smiles and nods. Hannibal then pulls out his tie and undoes the knot "as you have already tried to ruin this one." Removing it completely he stalks over to Will with the tie and the plug. "Open your mouth." Will does as he is told "hold this for Daddy while he ties you up. Get it nice and wet."

Will moans as the plug is pushed between his parted lips he holds it in his mouth as Hannibal grabs his wrists and ties them together with his tie. Hannibal then raises Will's arms above

his head and places his tied up wrists on the hook. Standing back he admires Will's stretched body with the plug filling his mouth so all he can do it moan. Hannibal smiles and then says approvingly "good whore."

Hannibal walks over to the drawer again and removes a dildo. Will's eyes follow him and watch as Hannibal covers the dildo in lube. He walks back and stands behind Will, before he can even contemplate it, Hannibal pushes the tip of the dildo inside Will stretching his hole. Will whimpers as slick is starting to form and his cock is flinching to life. Hannibal pushes it further in takes it out and then in again with his other hand he strokes the curve of Will's ass. "Perfect." Hannibal praises as Will moans and leans his head back as the dildo is pushed even further in. "Good boy you are already so wet for me. I just need to make sure you are stretched enough we don't want that slick leaking out onto the clothes Daddy wants to put you in do we?" Hannibal runs a finger around Will's hole picking up the slick he brings it to his mouth and sucks the finger.

Will's muffled moans make Hannibal smile as he pushes the dildo about halfway inside. "Good slut you take this so well." Hannibal pushes the dildo completely inside and Will groans as he feels the length of it and the stretch he can feel how big the plug is in his mouth and knows it's going to feel so full when Hannibal puts it inside. Hannibal pulls the dildo in and out a few more times until Will's cock is quite hard and he is sweating slightly. He removes it and drops it on the floor of the dressing room he walks around to Will and takes the plug from Will's mouth.

"Are you ready?"

Will swallows "yes Daddy, please."

Hannibal smiles and walks around to the back of Will again and pushes the plug inside Will "fuck Daddy, god yes." It's a stretch and a burn but it feels amazing.

"Good whore. Daddy is going to get you ready now."

***

With lingering touches and strokes Hannibal took his time dressing his boy until he was a whimpering and moaning mess. Once Hannibal was finished he took Will's arms down from the hook and Will looked at himself blushing at what he saw. He is in black and red which Hannibal loves him in. There is lace from the top of his neck covering his chest down to just above his hips. It is soft and sheer and feels divine. There are three sheer panels of the softest fabric, one hanging down the front and two at the sides. The panties Hannibal chose are dark red and sheer. The black lace top stockings lead down to skyscraper black heels that make his feet hurt. The collar Hannibal chose is the one he showed Will a few weeks ago , many tiers of diamonds all glinting against his pale skin.

"I think you are ready." Hannibal softly whispers into Will's ear as he covers Will up in a long black coat he leads him downstairs and out to the car. Will sits in the back remembering all he has done in the back seat of this Bentley.

After a short drive they arrive at their destination, Hannibal helps Will out of the car and picks up the bag he has brought with him. It is a very exclusive club that Hannibal has been a member of for many years. He not been since he met Will never having needed to now he has his own bonded Omegan whore. They go in through the back entrance, everyone treats Hannibal with reverence and all their eyes widen at the sight of Will who walks carefully with Hannibal holding his hand, hearing his heels click with every footstep.

Hannibal leads Will to a door they stop alone for the moment he kisses Will softly on the lips before he opens the door. Will gasps when he sees the room. The walls are wallpapered with rich decadent print of baroque gold swirls against black. The floor has a plush deep red carpet and in the centre of the room is a small circular platform with a white wooden chair. There is a rich deep red velvet curtain with gold trim at the front of the room. A spotlight shines on the platform creating a pool of warm light. Behind the chair and platform is a small high table. Hannibal takes the coat Will is wearing from him and hangs it up next to the door.

On the back wall there are various types of restraints, paddles, whips and rolls of tape all hung neatly in rows. There is also something large covered in a fabric at the side of the room. Will takes a step inside as Hannibal closes the door behind them. Gingerly Will walks around the room running his hand along the rows of instruments and restraints. Eventually he turns his attention to the chair and the platform he looks at Hannibal over the other side and bites his lower lip. Hannibal smiles and bows his head slightly. Will takes this as a signal to sit on the chair. Carefully in his heels he steps up onto the platform and arranging his skirt he sits down on the chair and crosses his legs.

Hannibal takes in the sight of Will lit up; the black and red lingerie contrasting with the white of the chair, legs shaking slightly in nerves and excitement. Hannibal reaches into his pocket and turns on the plug just to the first level. Will's eyes do not leave his as the vibration begins he moans "Daddy" and licks his lips. Hannibal takes the bag he has carried with him to the table behind the platform.

"No peeking." Hannibal says and Will keeps his eyes forward as the vibrations from the plug begin to flow through his body. Will can hear Hannibal unzip the bag and remove items from it he has no idea what is in the bag and what Hannibal has planned for him. Once he has unpacked everything and placed all the items on the table in the order he desires Hannibal places the now empty bag below the table.

Hannibal walks around the front of the platform standing directly in front of Will they lock eyes as he speaks. "I know we don't normally but tonight I am going to give you a safeword." Hannibal feels a wave of what could be nerves but feels like anticipation, he wants to make sure his boy enjoys this experience.

"No, Daddy, I trust you." Will looks at Hannibal with those open blue eyes and he can feel his heart swell with love and honour at being allowed to do this and being able to share this with his love.

"Yes my love and use it if you need to."

"Daddy-"

"Carwash my love if you need to say it. Repeat it back to me now." Hannibal's voice is strong but Will can feel the undercurrent of nerves the need to get this right to know that Will is going to enjoy this. That trust between them is real and strong.

Will stands up and walks towards Hannibal who grabs his neck as soon Will reaches him and squeezes once hard and then releases the pressure but his hand remains "say it whore."

"Carwash."

“You will use it if you need to.”

“Yes.”

“Good slut now sit back down.” Hannibal orders and removes his hand so Will can walk back to the chair where he sits down eyes still on Hannibal.

Hannibal smiles and feels that confidence he knows they are connected he knows they will be perfect together as always. He nods and then says to Will voice stronger now “are you ready?”

“I have an audience?” Will asks breathlessly realising that they must be waiting now behind that curtain and he feels a shiver of anticipation and licks his lips. That this is going to happen. He suddenly can’t catch his breath, the collar feeling tighter he whimpers slightly.

“Yes.” Hannibal answers simply. “They are waiting. Eager to admire you.”

Will blushes again “are you going to touch me?” Will can almost feel Hannibal’s hands on him, those hands that cause such pleasure and oh god such pain.

“Yes.” Hannibal wants to touch him now it is taking all his restraint to take this slowly he has a design in mind and he want to achieve it.

Will takes a deep breath. “Are you going to hurt me?”

Hannibal smiles at the game Will has decided to play, this put-on innocent act is so very alluring to Hannibal. “Do you want me to?”

Will smiles and nods. “Yes.”

“Then I will.” Hannibal has plans for his boy, he can see it all now. He smiles as he thinks about how far Will is going to be pushed this evening. He will break his boy and he will put him back together again with so much care.

Will can see the look on his Daddy’s face it it dangerous and enticing he is going to be pushed beyond his limits this evening and with an audience watching him. “Will you make me come, make me moan, make me need you?” Will can feel it now, the pleasure and the pain, the inside of Hannibal’s mind such a wonderful place.

Hannibal lowers his head and aims his voice more directly at Will. “Yes Daddy will take care of you.”

Will’s eyes briefly close and he moans. “Then I am ready.”

Chapter End Notes

kudos and comments are cherished and adored as much as Will by Hannibal. xxx

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

> “Get on your hands and knees.”
>
> Will looks up at Hannibal with uncertainty.
>
> “Now whore.”
>
> Will gingerly stands up from the chair and gets on all fours he looks up at Hannibal waiting for further instructions. Hannibal moves to behind Will and turns up the vibration on the plug watching as Will starts to shake. Hannibal sits on the chair leans forward and grasp Will’s hips so his ass is between his knees he reaches under Will’s panties and grabs his cock. Moving his hand up and down the shaft until Will is hard and begging for release. It is quick and harsh and Will comes with a strangled moan in his panties. Hannibal removes his now cum covered hand and smears it down the back of the lace corset. “Now everyone can see what a whore you are. Covered in your own cum shaking and still hard for me.”

Chapter Notes

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"Yes Daddy." Will's voice is filled with uncertainty he can feel the cum drying on his skin hardening against the lace of his lingerie, his panties are soaking wet and the plug is still vibrating and stretching him. He feels utterly filthy and humiliated as he waits on all fours in the centre of the room. This is what this audience will see when Hannibal opens those curtains. Will shaking with need soaked in his own seed. He takes a deep breath and shivers as he cock twitches displaying his true arousal at being seen like this.

Hannibal leaves Will who can hear his footsteps as he makes his way back to the door where the cord for the curtains are. Will is aware of them opening he can hear the swish of the velvet and the rush of air as it hits his skin. Will looks at the rows of people sat staring at him right now and gasps. Hannibal has invited people he works with, some people who Will knows from his college which makes him feel both ashamed and excited. Will's head of department Jack Crawford and his wife Bella are there and he blushes when he sees them.
Others he has seen around the lab Brian, Jimmy and the lovely Bev are all there looking at him. Will notices they all have a rose on their laps and he knows what Hannibal will want him to do first. He can feel their eyes on him and he can hear the rush of gasps as they take him in. There is an applause as well and it makes Will smile in pleasure. They are all looking at him, they are all appreciating him and it feels divine and strange. He almost feels like crying as he actually realises this is happening, he feels like he is shining for Hannibal. Even with all those gazes and applause he can still feel the appreciative lustful stare of his Daddy and it makes his skin tingle.

Will can hear Hannibal walk down to the audience he can hear the timbre of his voice as he speaks to them. The applause dies down and he can hear various voices speaking to Hannibal. Will whimpers as he knows they are talking about him and he wishes he could hear what they are saying. Hannibal finishes speaking and then moves to sit in the chair where Will was sat.

Leaning forward Hannibal hooks a finger underneath Will's panties and rolls them down so they sit under his ass. Hannibal then takes each piece of sheer fabric which hangs from the lace in his hands and one by one he tears them from Will, allowing them to flutter to the floor. Will is then just left wearing a corset of lace and the red panties and black stockings. "Perfect." Will waits on all fours with his panties rolled down, cum drying on his back and on his stockings at Hannibal's feet for his instructions. "My whore will now collect your roses." Hannibal says the audience, he then directs his attention to Will "only use that pretty whore mouth of yours though slut. Nothing else. Bring me them one at a time." Hannibal's voice is so strong and calm it makes Will moan he is in awe at his Daddy's control. It grounds him he holds onto it. He wants to please his Alpha, he needs to please him.

Slowly Will crawls on all fours with his heels still on making it difficult for him, but not impossible, and of course the plug is still vibrating inside him. He starts at the front row where he can see Margot and Alana are sat holding out roses for him. He crawls towards Margot first and opens his mouth for her to place the rose. "You are so stunning." She says her voice in awe. He nods his thanks he takes the rose between his teeth and feels the thorn in the stem as it splits his lip he moans feeling the blood drip down his chin. With his lip bleeding Will takes the rose back to Hannibal who takes it from him and places his finger on Will's bleeding lip, bringing his finger to his mouth sucking the blood. Hannibal closes his eyes and moans his approval as Will smiles.

Hannibal runs the flower down the side of his face. "More." Hannibal commands and Will turns around and makes his way back. He loses count of how many roses he gathers and brings to Hannibal who strokes a different part of Will with each one.

As he picks up more roses they cause his lips and tongue to bleed more, his stockings have also begun to rip from the floor. He feels utterly debauched and his lips sting painfully with every rose. Hannibal cups his face with every rose and kisses his lips, licking around them adding his stinging saliva to Will's lips. Will can feel his face damp with blood and spit. He is utterly entranced by Hannibal, every kiss every stroke of the rose down a different body part makes him hum and moan. Arousal is coiling in him and he knows the moment Hannibal asks him he he will come again.

He is finally finished and sat at Hannibal's feet when everyone applauds loudly and stands for him. Hannibal stands up and offers Will his hands to help him up. He whispers in his ear "you were perfect, come for us once more." Will looks at everyone standing and applauding him and blushes once more as his body is wracked with an orgasm and he can feel it all dripping down his legs.

Hannibal smiles and then fixes Will with a serious stare he reaches out and strokes the side of Will's face his hand slinks round to the back of his head and grasp his hair. Hannibal pulls Will's head back in a sudden jerk. "Come with me." Hannibal's voice feels like a wave of warm pleasure and Will moans as he is led to the chair and told to sit down which he does. He crosses his legs and Hannibal jerks his head again "uncross those legs whore, spread them for Daddy so we can all see how wet those panties are now."

Will feels a shiver of shame and arousal as he shakily uncrosses his legs and widens them. He is aware that everyone can see the wetness of his underwear, his still half hard cock and the plug which sounds even louder against the wooden base of the chair. He is shaking as Hannibal finally lets go of his hair.

"Good slut." Will closes his eyes and leans his head back whimpering as Hannibal puts the vibration up a level.

Hannibal walks behind Will to the table, he takes a moment to take a deep breath. He looks at Will sat on the chair on display for him and almost moans. He needs to keep it together they have a long way to go yet. Hannibal picks up the two rolls of ribbon, a deep red satin that reminded him of ballet shoes and knew it would be perfect for his whore's long lithe legs. Walking around to the front of the platform Hannibal steps up and moves close to Will whose head is still leant back and eyes closed as he moans quietly while biting his lower lip. Hannibal kneels down and begins to tie the ribbon around Will's ankles to the chair. He ties it so it goes up Will's ankle and calves in a criss-cross pattern tying it in a tight knotted bow just below the knee. He repeats this process on the other leg.

"Can you move your legs?" Hannibal asks and Will leans forward and opens his eyes, tries to move his legs, he can't so shakes his head no. "Beautiful." He is so stunning to Hannibal already, his hands tingle knowing what he wants to achieve and knowing it will be done all too soon and he wants to savour this.

Hannibal then walks around to the table and picks up one more roll of ribbon. He then ties Will's arms behind the back of the chair so that his back is slightly arched. He ties one last stream of ribbon to the back of the collar Will is wearing and pulls it to arch Will's neck back his curls bounce as they hang down. As Will arches his back and neck he sees on the ceiling there is a large circular mirror suspended above him where he can see his reflection. At the sight Will hums his approval.

Hannibal ties the ribbon from the collar to the back of the chair so Will is completely immobilized. His entire body aches but Will can see himself and the shape he makes, the way he looks covered in lace, the red and the black and he feels beautiful.

"Everyone can see what a stunning little Omegan slut you make for me." Hannibal whispers into Will's ear and bites the lobe slightly as he runs a hand down Will's neck and brushes a finger across his collar bone. Will moans. "Just like you wanted." He runs his hand through Will's curls pulling at the strands slightly he leans down and whispers in his ear "they can all see you. They can all see how much you love this." Hannibal's eyes flick to Will's straining cock "they can see how turned on you are, such a slut for your Daddy."

"Do they like it? Daddy, do they like me?" Will's voice is higher than normal as he rushes out his question in a whisper, excitement taking a hold of him.

"Oh my sweet whore, they love it, they think you are very beautiful but you know that. Look at you, look at yourself in wet lace and shining diamonds. They have no idea though how stunning you can be when Daddy hurts you." Hannibal leans even closer to Will's ear, looking up at the mirror to catch his eye as his other hand finds the ribbon at the back of the chair he unties the bow and winds the ribbon around his fist pulling Will's neck back so he chokes slightly. "Shall we show them just how beautiful you are when you suffer?"

Will whimpers and gasps just about managing to moan out a "yes."

Hannibal lets go of the ribbon and Will's head lolls forward a bit and his back is little less arched. He can see the shapes of the people in the audience now and he has shiver of a thrill at the sight of them looking at him. Hannibal moves around to the front of the chair, kneels down and places one finger under Will's chin and commands "look at Daddy. Then he once again slips his hand into his pocket and turns the vibration up as Will moans in pleasure.

Will manages to open his eyes and meet Hannibal's he finds them steadying that look of pride and lust never fails to ground Will. Hannibal smiles and whispers "good whore." Hannibal then reaches up to the collar and strokes the diamonds before wrapping his hand around Will's neck and applying a small amount of pressure so the collar digs into his skin.
"Daddy." Will moans he loves it so much when Hannibal does this, he is utterly under Hannibal's spell and control.

“You love this don’t you whore?” Hannibal’s voice is now loud enough for the audience to hear and Will can only moan in agreement as Hannibal squeezes harder “Speak up slut tell us all how much you love this?”

“Yes, Daddy, I love this.” Will’s voice is strangled but can be heard as Hannibal reduces the pressure.

“You need this from me don’t you? You want me to hurt you?”

“Yes, please Daddy hurt me.” Will feels the pull of the ribbons his muscles starting to scream with the effort of being in this position.

Without saying anything else Hannibal reaches over Will to the table behind the chair and drags a chain which Will realises is nipple clamps as they are quickly attached to each of his nipples the cold chain hangs on his chest. Hannibal grasps the chain pulling it taught so Will shouts out in pain as his cock once again twitches. He looks at Hannibal who is staring at him trying to read him making sure he has not gone too far and that Will is still with him. “Are you still with me whore?”

They remain locked in each other’s gaze for a moment before Will nods and moans a ‘yes Daddy’. Hannibal pulls the chain once more before satisfied he lets it drop heavily on Will’s now bare chest.

Hannibal picks up one of torn pieces of fabric from Will’s skirt and walks behind him tying it around his eyes so he cannot see. He reaches down for the chain of the clamps and lifts it up and behind Will’s head and with his other hand he winds the ribbon around his fist and pulls Wills head back. Will lets out a long shout that turns into a moan as Hannibal continues to choke him and torture those pink nipples of his. Will can no longer see but he can feel all those eyes on him from the audience. He feels filthy and debauched, shame threatening to burn in his stomach but then he hears and feels the slightly feral and loss of control moan that leaves Hannibal’s mouth as he looks down at his whore.

Will isn’t sure how long Hannibal continues to pull the ribbon and chain he can feel himself floating just above consciousness and Hannibal lets go. Will’s head lolls forward as he

breathes heavily, every heave of his chest causing his nipples to still sting. He moans and coughs.

Hannibal stands up and faces the audience “I need to rearrange my whore please bare with us.”

Will moans and watches as Hannibal walks away to the door once again and closes the curtains. He returns to Will “Daddy is going to untie you so he can move you for your punishment.”

“Yes Daddy.”

Hannibal unties each of Will’s legs and then his arms he leaves the ribbon hanging from the diamond collar. “Can you stand?”

Will shakily rises from the chair as Hannibal watches him they are stood very close and Hannibal cannot help but brush his hand through Will’s hair. “You are doing so well for Daddy.” Hannibal reaches out and tugs the chain of the nipple clamps.

“Thank you.”

Hannibal leans in and kisses Will gently on the lips, a soft chaste kiss that makes Will moans. “Are you sure you want to continue?” Hannibal asks his voice a whisper.

“Yes, Daddy, please, punish me, punish me in front these people. I want them to see you do it, I want them to see what you do to me.”

Hannibal hums his approval and briefly closes his eyes. He hadn’t thought of this being a show for him, he only has eyes and thoughts for Will. He stands a little taller knowing his whore thinks him more than just worthy but worth watching and seeing.

Hannibal smiles at his obedient whore as they take a moment to breath each other in, feel this moment between them. Eventually Hannibal breaks the moment and removed the nipple clamps before instructing Will “turn around and kneel on all fours with your arms on the chair for Daddy.” Hannibal takes a step back so Will has room to change his position. Will’s legs are shaking but he manages to comply. Hannibal uses the ribbon once more to tie Will’s hands to the back of the chair. “Spread your legs further apart.” Will complies “good.” Hannibal picks up one of the torn pieces of fabric and ties it around Will's mouth as makeshift gag, tying it tightly in his hair.

Standing back Hannibal admires his work and smiles. “Perfect.”

Will cannot respond beyond a murmur but his erect cock and the slick threatening to push out even this larger plug are all the encouragement Hannibal needs. Hannibal walks to the back wall, placing the nipple clamps back on the table as he passes before he picks out a riding crop. Hannibal stalks back to the curtains and opens them so the audience can see Will in all his glory. There are more gasps of approval as Hannibal once more stands on the platform and runs the leather tag at the end of the crop around the plug causing Will to shake in excitement. “Stay still for me whore. Show everyone how a good slut takes their punishment for their Daddy.”

Hannibal reaches for the ribbon from the collar with his other hand and once more winds it around his fist and pulls back so Will’s neck is uncomfortably pulled back and his back arched. Will is finding it hard to breathe as he sputters through the gag before he can acknowledge this new pain Hannibal whips the crop across his ass hard and Will, as much as he can, moans and whimpers.

Red marks are starting to appear on Will’s pale skin as Hannibal continues his assault with the crop, he goes lower and hits Will’s thighs and that causes such a muffled groan it causes Hannibal to almost lose control. He holds Will by the ribbon as he gently runs the crop between his legs along his cock. Will is whining now as he knows he is close to coming but he also knows he won’t until Hannibal tells him. He feels pressure being added to the crop as Hannibal pushes it against his cock through the lace panties. “Come for us whore.” Hannibal commands and Will is wracked by an orgasm which drips through his panties making the lace wet and sodden.

Hannibal gives him a brief respite and loosens his hold on the ribbon and Will coughs through the gag with relief as he he starts to feel the stinging pain from the crop. “Such a responsive slut for me.” Hannibal runs the crop along Will’s back a gentle loving touch.. Hannibal undoes the gag and Will coughs properly and moans his thanks to his Daddy.

The audience applaud him and it causes another rope of cum to leave him he feels a little humiliated but mostly amazing as Hannibal once again turns to the audience and asks for patience. Once the curtains are closed Hannibal kneels next to Will and strokes his back. He is filled with awe for his love “such a good whore for me, one more, can you do one more?”

Will is still breathless his body is buzzing, he needs this, he needs more. “Yes, please Daddy.”

Chapter End Notes

comments and kudos make me a happy giddy smut peddler xxx

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Hannibal returns standing behind Will he places his hands on Will's shoulders gently turning him to face the object he has just placed on the platform. "Open your eyes."

Will gasps. His whole body shudders and he suddenly cannot catch his breath and his eyes take in what he sees. He has never seen one before, he has only heard stories about them, he didn't even know you could get them anymore. Will realises in that moment that Hannibal has had this made for him. To fit his exact dimensions. "Daddy!" He breathes out and looks at Hannibal with awe. "Is this a…?" He can't bring himself to say it out loud.

Chapter Notes

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Hannibal unties Will from the chair his hands are shaking slightly as he feels the nerves of what they are about to do. He helps Will stand his legs are shaking from the whipping he is sweating from the endurance and his hair is damp. The panties Will wears are now completely ruined and wet clinging to him in an obscene manner, still half rolled down under his ass. His legs looks long and beautiful in those stockings and heels that Hannibal knows are hurting his feet. Will takes all this pain and humiliation so well.

Will looks at Hannibal staring at him with adoration and worship it makes him feel proud. Will gingerly takes a step closer to Hannibal and presses his lips against Hannibal's in a chaste kiss. Hannibal presses his palm against Will's now slightly damp chest and pushes him away. Smiling and nodding Hannibal speaks in a whisper and Will feels that bubble between them, the bond pulling them close together "soon my love when we are done I will kiss you until your lips are even more swollen than they are now." Hannibal brushes his

finger over Will's swollen bleeding lips as Will moans at the touch. "Are you ready? This is the last thing I will ask of you this evening."

Will straightens up and looks Hannibal in the eye and says in a clear voice that makes Hannibal smile even wider "yes, Daddy."

"Daddy's good whore." Hannibal says as awe fills his voice and Will knows he means every word. "Stay here." Will nods and stays on the platform his legs shaking, pain from the whipping starting to spread further down as he can feel blood clotting on the back of his stockings. Hannibal walks to the chair and picks it up removing it from the platform he places it at the back of the room. He hangs the crop back up on the wall. Making his way back to platform Hannibal picks up all the ribbon now slightly damp from Will's sweat he rolls it back up and places it on the table once more. Then he tidies away the remnants of lingerie he tore from Will placing them in the bag under the table.

Will watches him do all of this with a building anticipation even as the pain starts to bring him back to reality. Hannibal puts everything that was on he table into the bag which he places by the chair at the back of the room he then moves the table there too. He walks to the other side of the room where there is an object covered under a red cloth. Hannibal picks up whatever the object is still covered in the red cloth he brings it to the centre of the platform. "Close your eyes." Hannibal commands and Will shivers and closes his eyes. He can hear the swish of the red cloth being removed and Hannibal's footsteps as he places the cloth at the back of the room with everything else.

Hannibal returns standing behind Will he places his hands on Will's shoulders gently turning him to face the object he has just placed on the platform. "Open your eyes."

Will gasps. His whole body shudders and he suddenly cannot catch his breath and his eyes take in what he sees. He has never seen one before, he has only heard stories about them, he didn't even know you could get them anymore. Will realises in that moment that Hannibal has had this made for him. To fit his exact dimensions. "Daddy!" He breathes out and looks at Hannibal with awe. "Is this a…?" He can't bring himself to say it out loud.

"Yes. A breeding bench. Your breeding bench." Hannibal's hand winds around the ribbon hanging from the collar again he pulls it gently and whispers into Will's ear "made especially for you. Do you like it?"

Will looks at it. He sees the polished dark mahogany wood, the expensive leather restraints, the buckles shining in the light. "Yes, yes of course." He breathes out. The bench consists of a flat platform base made of varnished mahogany that shines in the light, there are two adjustable tripod stands also made of varnished wood that stand vertically up placed a distance apart, there is a piece of mahogany that connects them. Both of the leather tripods have leather restraints attached to them with a buckle to tighten them. There are also leather restraints at each of the corners of the platform for Will's ankles and wrists.

Hannibal walks around to the front of Will and kneels down in front of him hands reaching up to his hips Hannibal gently pulls the red panties down over the stockings. Will can feel the dampness down his legs staining the stockings, he can feel the warmth of Hannibal's fingers as they brush down his leg. Hannibal then takes one of Will's ankles at a time and takes them out of the panties. Will moans as he watches Hannibal place the wet panties in pocket before standing up once more. "Kneel on the platform." Hannibal commands and moves out of the way so Will can comply.

With grace despite his nerves and arousal Will manages to kneel down so that his ankles are at the corners of the wooden base of the bench. Hannibal kneels behind Will and attaches each of the restraints tightening them so they dig into Will's flesh slightly. "Lie forward place your hands on the corners." Will moans and lies his body across the piece of wood that connects the two tripods and places his hands at a bit of a stretch on each corner.

Hannibal moves around to the front of Will and does up the buckles around each wrist he does these up too tight as well. With care and tender touches Hannibal then does up the two restraints attached to the tripods one around Will's waist and one over the diamond collar around his neck. He makes sure these are tight but that Will can still breathe.

"Remember your safeword. If you need it." Hannibal stands up and looks at his boy restrained on the breeding bench, stained stockings and high heels, his cock is fully erect and flinching, the plug is still nestled in his hole vibrating, red marks starting to bruise slightly on his ass and thighs. He looks stunning, wonderful debauched and beautiful.

Will takes a moment to feel his body uncomfortably immobilised, his ass exposed, he is completely unable to move and moans. He does not say the word he knows he could but he wants to see this through. Hannibal takes that as consent and runs his hand through Will's hair and down his back to the plug. He slips his hand into his pocket and turns off the plug before he reaches and strokes Will's ass and then slowly removes the plug bit by bit. Will

groans as he feels the plug being slowly pulled out and the slick that has built up behind it release and drip out of him in a gush. “Daddy, oh god, Daddy.” Will groans loudly and he is sure that the audience can hear him even through the curtains and he whimpers. Hannibal removes the plug completely he then grabs the ribbon from Will’s collar and pulls Will’s neck back so he can push the plug between Will’s mouth so he can taste the warm remnants of his own slick. “Such a filthy whore.”

Will moans again as he tastes himself, his hole feels empty and stretched he misses the plug. As if reading his slut’s mind Hannibal laughs lightly “don’t worry slut Daddy has plans for filling that needy hole of yours now it is all open and inviting for me.”

Hannibal removes the plug from Will’s mouth and walks around to the back of the room. Will cannot see exactly what Hannibal is doing but he pauses at the back of the room and retrieves something and then walks to where the door is again to open the curtain. “Are you ready?” Hannibal asks and Will moans yes as Hannibal opens the curtains to the gasp of the audience. Will can feel the shocked looks of everyone, hear the gasps, he turns his head so he can see them better and moans at the sight of them all staring at him.

After the initial shock there is another round of applause at the sight of Will. Hannibal nods his approval and walks towards Will. From the back of the room Hannibal has picked up a small black velvet bag which he holds up to the audience. Will tries to crane his neck to see what Hannibal is doing but he cannot see. He hears the gasp as Hannibal opens the bag and removes the crystal glass dildo which consists of several beads all moulded together. He throws the velvet bag on the floor and moves to stand on the bench between Will’s spread legs.

Will is already very wet, slick is dripping from his hole as he moans feeling Hannibal’s hand on the small of his back as he leans over Will slightly inserting the first glass bead inside Will. Will can feel the cold glass inside and whimpers “good slut, you will soon warm them.” Hannibal croons.

Hannibal then pushes the second bead inside, the second one is slighter wider than the first and Will moans as he is filled more. “There are nine of these whore and you will take every one of them for Daddy.” Hannibal says as he pushes the third one.

“Daddy, ahhh, fuck, yes.” Will moans.

“Good whore be as loud as you want they want to hear you, they want to hear how much of a slut you are. You will do anything for me. Look at you strapped down and taking whatever I give you.” The hand that was on the small of Will’s back reaches up and grabs the ribbon attached the the collar and pulls so Will’s neck is arched and his breathing is constricted.

“Please, more, please Daddy, MORE!” Will shouts and Hannibal smiles and pushes the next bead inside him, wider again. It slips in easily with minimal resistance because Will is so wet already.

“Good whore.” Hannibal praises as he pulls hard on the ribbon he pushes the fourth bead in. they are getting much larger now and the fifth one stretches Will more a strangled moan leaves his lips. Hannibal then pushes two more inside and Will can feel them deep inside him now it hurts but go it is a good pain. There are three more beads to go. Hannibal pauses for a moment to make sure Will is ready then he pushes the last three inside. Will’s scream of pain is muffled so Hannibal releases his hold so he can be heard. Will can feel the stretch and hardness of the beads deep inside him, his body clenches around them. For a moment Will imagines them breaking inside of him, blood and slick mixing together inside him and he screams again.

Will is starting to float above himself again, his head lolls forward as much as it can as Hannibal still has a hold of the ribbon. Hannibal is so proud of his boy, the screams are the loudest he has ever heard from Will and it is exactly what he wanted. Hannibal then twists the beads around and Will lets out a long guttural moan and his cock flinches. “You ready whore?” Hannibal asks as he pulls on the dildo slightly.

“Yes, yes, please Daddy, again, please.”

Hannibal slowly removes the dildo watching as Wills hole releases each bead. Just as they are all out Hannibal repeats the process but quicker pushing all the beads back inside his Omega who whimpers with every bead as it makes its way inside. Hannibal then starts to fuck Will with the dildo in earnest with harsh thrusts and a dangerous amount of pressure. Pulling on the ribbon as he pushes the beads in and out. Will can feel his breathing being constricted as Hannibal mercilessly fucks his abused hole over and over with the dildo.

Will's limbs hurt he is starting to lose feeling in his arms and legs, his torso is rubbing against the wood and the cuts and bruises from the whipping are stinging, he cannot breathe and his hole feels like it's on fire. He has never felt like this before, he has never been pushed this far before, he is utterly at Hannibal's will, his safeword flashes before his eyes but he breathes through it and doesn't utter it even though he knows that his Daddy knows how much he can take. The knowledge makes his cock even more painfully hard.

"Come for us whore." Hannibal commands and Will does he comes hard and with a long moans and shout he howls out 'Daddy' as he does and Hannibal pushed the knot at the end of the glass dilido inside Will as he comes. Will almost feels as full as he does if it was Hannibal's knot inside him. That burning, searing pain goes through him like lightening as his body accepts the glass knot and all the beads.

"DADDY!"" Will screams as he comes and feels utterly spent and full.

Hannibal takes a step back to admire Will attached to the breeding bench, cum dripping from his cock, slick leaking around the knot of the dildo, stockinged legs shaking as much as they can, head lolling as he he begins to lose consciousness from the effort. Hannibal smiles as he is filled with pride for his boy. He wants to fuck him on this bench the need is very strong and he knows he will have to close the curtains and fill his boy up before he unties him.

Chapter End Notes

comments and kudos feed the kink monster...they are always hungry...

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Will doesn't hear the applause he has lost consciousness as Hannibal bows and accepts the praise for his beautiful boy. Everyone is impressed with Will and also Hannibal's ingenuity, most had never seen a breeding bench before in person. The applause lasts for quite some time as Hannibal tries to keep his control he wants to fuck his whore like he has never needed to before. He thanks his guests and excuses himself he draws the curtains and takes a deep breath as he looks at Will.

Walking around to the front of Will he kneels down and grabs his hair to raise his head "my beautiful whore, come back to me." Hannibal says and jerks Will's head pulling his hair. Will's eyes flutter open with a moan. "Daddy wants to fuck you on this bench. He needs to."

Chapter Notes

*****PLEASE NOTE UPDATED TAGS*******

Thank you for all your support on this fic. A quick disclaimer to say that I do not associate with any other version of this series. As far as I am concerned this and part 1 and part 2 are all a stand alone universe. These are all my words no one else's. The original co-creator of Part 1 removed their name under their own volition, the subsequent parts have all been re-written/written solely by me.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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Will's eyes flutter open with a moan. "Daddy wants to fuck you on this bench. He needs to."

He gives Will a moment to take in what he has said as his eyes manage to stay open he groans and nods "please, Daddy, please fuck me I need you." Will does he needs his Daddy's cock inside him to finish off this perfect evening.

"It is just you and me now my slut. You are all mine to play with."

"Fuck, yes please Daddy, use me." Hannibal smiles and lets got of Will's head who moans.

"Oh my sweet whore yes." Hannibal moans now that he is allowed to lose control more he lets the arousal wash over him and fill his cock which obscenely tents his trousers. He walks to the back of the room he is feels every layer of clothes is constricting him and he needs to be naked while he fucks his beautiful whore. He removes his suit quicker than he would normally, he places it all in a pile and stalks over to his restrained beauty.

He takes a step up on the base of the bench he kneels down and very gently extends the tripod attached to the waist restraint so that Will's ass is high and presented to him. The dildo shifts as he does this and Will moans "fuck Daddy."

Hannibal stands and strokes a hand around Will's pale ass high in the air waiting for him. He runs his hand over the base of the dildo and grasp it to remove it quicker than he should but he just can't hold back a moment longer. He throws the dildo to the ground and it makes a soft thud as it hits the ground and Will whimpers with need as he feels empty again. Hannibal grabs Will's hips and holds on tightly as he lines up his cock and thrusts inside. Will howls again at the force as Hannibal throws his head back and shouts "WILL!"

Continuing a brutal pace Hannibal commands Will to come again so he can feel that constriction around his cock. Will comes again he didn't think he could but god Hannibal feels so good behind him he comes and it hurts but it feels amazing. He knows he is going to pass out again before Hannibal is finished but he doesn't care. He belongs to his Daddy, his Daddy can do what he wants with his body. Will passes out and Hannibal continues to fuck him until he loses all control as he thrust inside his boy, he comes hard several times and pushes his knot inside not being able to stop himself. He knows he will have to wait now until he deflates to untie Will but the view he has right now as Will's unconscious body milks him is well worth admiring.

***

Hannibal had eventually been able to disconnect from Will. He had cleaned himself up and got dressed leaving Will still passed out tied up on the bench. Once Hannibal was ready he carefully untied his boy and wrapped him in the large coat he had worn to come here and carried Will to his car, carefully laying him down in the backseat of the Bentley.

Once they are home Hannibal carries Will upstairs to the bathroom. Will is starting to come around now and is able to lean against the sinks while Hannibal removes the coat, takes each of Will's shoes and the very stained stockings. Hannibal takes great care doing this, lingering touches and kisses to Will's which make him moan and feel like his was buzzing. The pain is starting to be acute now and Will feels like he might pass out again.

"I am going to put you in the shower first, stay here. Can you hold yourself up a little longer?" Hannibal asks nuzzling into Will's neck arms around his waist.

"Yes Daddy." Will mumbles.

Hannibal undresses quickly and then helps Will to the shower where he gently washes all the wounds and cleans all the intimate areas of Will who moans with need at every touch. He dries Will and wraps him in a large fluffy towel he carries him to the bed and lays him face down on the silk sheets. Hannibal then tends to all of Will's wounds, some need stitches his hole is very sore so Hannibal adds some cooling ointment and Will moans in relief. Hannibal dresses Will in soft cotton boxers and a shirt.

"Can you sit up my love?" Hannibal whispers softly into his ear.

Will moans and with Hannibal's help he manages to sit up in the bed with his bum supported and banadaged under the soft cotton it is only mildly painful. Hannibal then sits on the side of the bed close to Will so he can reach his lips which are clotted over with small cuts. Hannibal dabs the blood with a warm washcloth making sure to clean the wounds. He then kisses Will softly who moans at the gentle but painful touch. Taking out a small pot of balm he puts some on his finger and brushes it gently over Will's lips. Hannibal admires them red and bee stung he smiles.

“Do you want to sleep? I would like you to eat something first.” Hannibal asks as Will blurrily looks at him.

“Food, yes.”

“Daddy will feed you.”

“Thank you.”

Hannibal carries Will downstairs and they lie on the couch in Will’s favourite position his head in Hannibal’s lap as tender and gentle hands stroke Will’s hair and the top of his arm. Will’s long pale legs stretched out in front of him. Hannibal is in his pajama bottoms and a light soft red sweater. He is looking down at Will in awe.

“Are you sure you do not want to sleep?” Hannibal asks, his voice gentle.

“I couldn’t even if I wanted to.” Will replies with a smile he is still too excited, his skin buzzes.

Hannibal laughs softly and runs his hand through Will’s hair “you are incorrigible.”

Will smiles and laughs. “Daddy?” he says his voice quiet and small.

“Yes my love.”

“Thank you, thank you for everything.”

Hannibal smiles bends down and a presses a soft chaste kiss to Will's lips "anything for you, Daddy's little whore."

Chapter End Notes

thank you for those who have stayed with me on this smutty journey. I really appreciate all the support. xxx

End Notes

Kudos are the widening of Will's eyes when he sees all his new clothes. Comments are the way Hannibal gently touches Will's feet before dressing him.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!